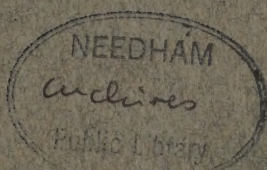
A large, ornate, black decorative frame with symmetrical, flowing lines. Inside the frame, the title "The Advocate" is written in a bold, black, Gothic-style serif font.

# The Advocate



Christmas Number

1922



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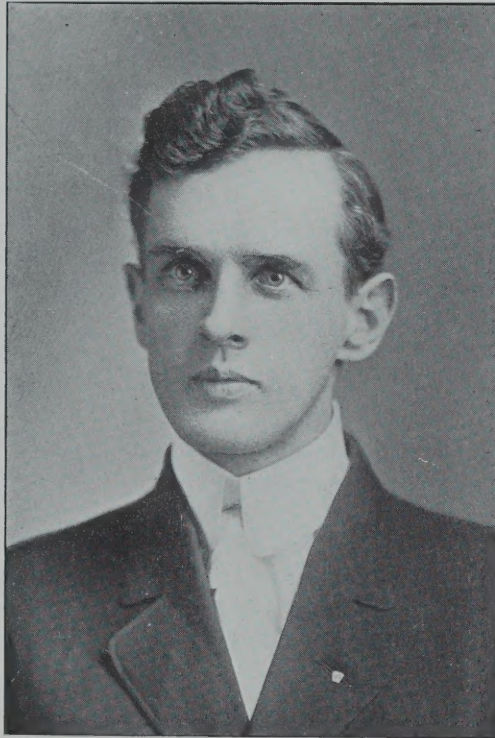
MENTION THE ADVOCATE



To  
Mr. Gilman H. Campbell, Principal  
we, as the first class  
that shall have entered and graduated  
under him, respectfully dedicate this issue of  
"The Advocate"

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MR. GILMAN H. CAMPBELL



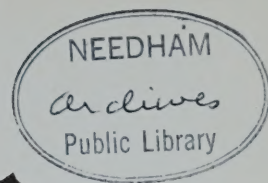
## A Christmas Message

By RUTH MCCORMACK, '24

You have heard the story often, I know  
Of the wise men who came from afar,  
Bringing gifts of frankincense, gold and myrrh,  
And following the light of a star.

These gifts were for a Child who lay  
Cradled 'neath Bethlehem's skies;  
A Child who brought peace and good-will to earth,  
And a spirit that never dies.

A spirit so joyous, yet solemn and sweet  
That the whole wide world rings with cheer,  
Proclaiming anew the tidings of joy,  
"Merry Christmas" and a "Glad New Year"!



# The Advocate

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A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF  
THE NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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# Editorials

## Policy

Woe be the day when any individual or group of individuals starts to do something with no definite end in view or no fixed policy to guide his efforts. Indeed, want of a policy almost invariably leads to unsuccess. It, at least, lends greater difficulty to the formation of decisions and to the gain of the greatest benefit from one's efforts. It is always advisable for one to set a definite policy and then to rigidly follow it to success.

A plan such as this might aid one to determine the trend of his policy. First, let him definitely understand his purpose; then, let him determine what principles will most readily and easily bring success and will most permanently hold it. And may he remember that true success is measured by the depth of that feeling of contentment that lies deepest in his heart, and not by that which shows on the surface.

The purpose of **The Advocate** is to bring satisfaction to as many readers as possible; to make its literature as pleasing and interesting as possible, its editorials as truthful and fair as possible, its humor as funny as possible; and in no way to give any opportunity for ill-favor.

Our policy for 1922-23 has been tempered with this in mind. **The Advocate** is a High School paper published by the students. We have, therefore, confined our discussions to High School subjects. We have felt that it is not in the scope of our magazine to discuss the town at large, to build it or tear it to pieces as we desired. That falls among the duties of its older citizens who find it their trust to make its decisions.

But though the topics of our material are confined to High School subjects, it does not follow that our outside readers should lose their interest. Quite the contrary. Their numbers and their interest should increase, for they may now read a magazine which

interests itself solely in the efforts of the students and in that which concerns the High School and its students.

So rigid a policy is not one that, if scrupulously obeyed, would be easy to follow. However, we have made an attempt. We welcome criticism. We beg indulgence and support while we give this policy its proper footing.

H. S. L., '23.



## How to Study

Study, unlike charity, does not begin at home; it should begin when the teacher gives out the lesson. Now assignments are extremely elusive, and must be carefully placed in a notebook or some accessible corner of the brain, as they are sometimes used to ascertain the next day's lesson. Mark, also, any words of explanation the teacher may let fall; they will be found useful later.

The student, when he has returned to his domicile, need not start to study until the latter part of the afternoon, unless, of course, he is going out in the evening. It should be noted at the start that it is seldom advisable to take a hasty snatch of Latin and breakfast at the same time, or to attempt to translate French in assembly. It deceiveth the teacher not.

Now, granted that our student has settled down to his lessons in time, he should next procure the assignment from aforesaid notebook or brain and look it over, twice if necessary. At the same time it might be well to recall those words of explanation. The importance of beginning a lesson at the beginning, and so proceeding through to the end, can not be too firmly stressed. Too many lessons are done and not studied, and, as Crothers says, "Doing is a deadly thing." The method of procedure depends upon the study and assignment, so



I can say nothing definite about that. However, I may here take the liberty of tucking in another suggestion, to wit — Do a bit of extra work, no matter how small. Nothing warms the cockles of a teacher's heart more than to have a pupil know something outside the regular assignment.

Now, at last! I have been saving my little surprise till the end, and I shall set it off like a fire-cracker before your very eyes. Be careful! Don't get too near, because, like a fire-cracker, it is short and snappy. Bang! Did you get it? *The more you study a lesson, the better you like it.* Strange, wonderful, paradoxical, but true! Let's prove it.

P. L. P., '24



### Input vs. Output

Many quantities of breath have been employed, energy exerted, and time wasted in arguing this age-old question: "Input vs. Output"—and still one always comes back to the starting point, namely, that Output equals the Input, every time.

Rather a strange subject for an Essay—yes, an unusual one. But something which concerns everyone, especially the student. In Physics we learn that the work put into a thing is equal to that which one gets out. It never fails, and what then is *work*?

Work is the energy exerted to overcome resistance. I wonder how this ancient law of Physics affects us?

Everyone has heard of giants, and we generally associate them with fairy tales. But they are *not* abstract beings for we have some enormous ones here in our midst. For instance, the Giant of Procrastination is a very close friend of the High School student, and his brother—Selfishness. Cousins Giant Indifference and Giant Egotism are also familiar as acquaintances. Such Giants as these are the *Resistances* which we are trying to overcome by our energy and best work.

Why do I get but a passing mark in a

certain subject? Because I put only a passing grade of work into it.

Why don't I enjoy our school sports more? Because I put *nothing* into them.

Why do I not get satisfaction from my school course? Because I am not putting satisfactory work into it.

Why do I not enjoy our school activities as others do? Because I do not put into them what they do.

And so we might go on forever, enumerating the Giants which stand in our path, and the reasons why we are not making a successful course. But it all points to *one* answer and only one: We cannot expect to get out of a thing what we have not put in; for our Input equals our Output, day in and day out.

Then if all this is true why is it not a good plan to put one's *best* in and get our *best* out? We are the losers unless we do and it's no one's misfortune but our own. Put a little more "pep" into that disagreeable job—realize *results*—surprise yourself!

*Try it just once!*

D. W., '24.



### Welcome to Our New Teachers

It seems rather opportune that at this time we, the pupils of Needham High, extend a cordial welcome to the new members of our faculty, Miss Springfield and Miss Durgin.

We are indeed fortunate to have such excellent teachers.

At this time, we express our regret at Miss Ray's absence this year, and extend to her our best wishes for the future.

H. W., '23



### PHYSICS III A

Miss Tarbell: "Class, don't forget to bring thirty-five cents for your notebook covers."

Hill: "Can we pay on the installment plan? I'll put five cents down now."



# Literature

## 'Twas Christmas After All

By FRANCES I. KROLL, '23

Alvin Parker Hunt, country school principal, gazed appreciatively around his gayly decorated living room. In one corner, a spreading fir tree stood sparkling with colorful trinkets. Each picture had its little frame of evergreen and holly. The tall brass candlesticks at either end of the mantlepiece held glowing, crimson candles which cast a flickering, cheery light. A roaring fire made odd shadows in every corner. The whole atmosphere seemed permeated with the delicious piney fragrance of the woods. Outside, the snow was noiselessly falling. Mr. Hunt laughed softly to himself and pretended not to hear and understand the mysterious noises which had been evident outside his house for the past five minutes.

A mystified auditor could have heard suppressed giggles, throaty and wholly audible whispers and noisy scuffling on the gravel walk. These betrayed, to the listening man, at least, the fact that class 8B was about to surprise (Ah yes, very much indeed!) their popular principal with thoroughly unexpected, annual Christmas gift.

The noise grew, augmented by the sound of many feet on the broad porch. Alvin Parker Hunt closed his eyes and feigned sleep. He could hear the stealthy opening of the front door and the approaching footsteps.

"Merry Christmas!" came the shout of the happy voices as the children burst open the hall door. And then—"Oh!! Why, Mr. Hunt! How lovely everything looks! How did you know? Who told?" Excitedly the questions poured forth.

Alvin Parker Hunt, surrounded by his adoring scholars, shook his head in laughing denial of a knowledge of their plans.

Dickie Brown pressed forward from the throng and with self-important mien placed

himself before the teacher. With his feet planted far apart, his hands behind his back, he cleared his throat and began: "Mr. Hunt—Dear Mr. Hunt, we have come together tonight to honor one we all love. We—er—it. It gives me great pleasure to present you with—with this slight token of our affections." From behind his back Dickie produced a little green leather case which he proffered to the serious-faced Mr. Hunt.

"Boys and girls," there was real feeling in Alvin Parker Hunt's voice, "Boys and girls you surely know how delighted and honored I feel to accept your little 'token'. Anything I could say just now would fail to express adequately my gratitude. So, when I say 'I thank you' just realize that those are words from the heart."

The children signified their approval of this little speech with cheering and applause.

Somehow their teacher had managed to get them all seated and playing "How d'ye like your neighbor" when the outside door slammed and "Reddy" Grant came stamping in, all out of breath.

"Say, Mr. Hunt," he panted. "There's a lady lying out in the snow just up the line a piece. Seems to be unconscious! I tried to lift her but she's a dead weight."

Alvin Hunt had already obtained his hat from the hall rack and was on his way out calling back, as he ran, "Betty, tell Hannah to get plenty of hot water and towels ready and something warm to drink. Two or three of you fellows come along with me and the rest of you get that couch fixed up comfortably!"

Miss Anne Kendall, substitute in Grade VI, tightened her belt and resolutely sealed into an envelope the check she had just received for her services. The folks at home would need it more than she, of that she was positive.



She smiled grimly as she took inventory of the food supply that was to constitute her Christmas dinner. Some fruit, half a dozen hard rolls, a slice of pressed ham, a box of saltines, and a pint of skimmed milk composed her supplies. But she minded that not at all. Her sore heart ached far more from lack of companionship than did her stomach from lack of food.

Anne Kendall was down but not out, for with sheer grit she fought back the wave of self-pity that willed over her. For three weeks she had been substituting in Newark but somehow she had failed to make friends either among her professional colleagues or her young pupils. Whether she lacked outward charm or was merely retiring, she knew not. She longed for someone in whom to confide the trouble at home and her whole unhappy existence.

Suddenly she remembered the rumors she had heard of the surprise party for Mr. Hunt. "I'll walk by," she decided, "for it will cheer me up to see the happiness there. Surely it couldn't be wrong just to peek in! Fresh air is what I need anyway!"

Courageously she buttoned on her worn jacket and pulled a woolen tam over her head. Out in the soft winter twilight she hurried toward the house where she knew Alvin Parker Hunt and his aged mother lived. As she drew near she could see, in the ruddy glow of the fire, the eager children seated round their idol, busy with their games. The whole scene of happy companionship wrung her heart.

"How I wish I was sharing someones' Christmas!" she sighed. She leaned against the gatepost for a moment and then tried to hurry away. Somehow her feet refused to move. Her head was whirling. Her eyes filled with tears of pain. Her knees felt unsteady. She faltered and then sank helplessly down beside the road. Round and round whirled the house with its glowing lights. Round and round, too, spun the crazy landscape — and then — suddenly the

lights went out and Anne Kendall lay prostrate in the snow.

The white face on the pillows twitched. The fluttering lids disclosed two glinty green eyes. A bewildered hand strayed to the forehead. The eyes flew wide open. "Why," faltered Anne, "Where —"

"Now, Miss Kendall, please be still. Don't worry," comforted Hannah. "You're at Mrs. Hunt's, dearie. Everything's all right."

"How very stupid of me!" said the weak voice. "What happened? I never did anything like that before."

"Well, dearie, you were just all in. 'Been working too hard', the master says. So as you was passing by you just caved right in near the door. The master found you and brought you in," explained Hannah.

A knock sounded at the door and at a word from Hannah the door opened and Alvin Parker Hunt entered.

"Merry Christmas," he cried cheerfully. "How's the invalid this morning?" (At the word "morning" Anne started but even as she did she heard the chimes of the village church ringing out their Christmas message.)

"Hannah says when you've dressed I may carry you down stairs to the living room. You see, I sent the youngsters home, in the excitement last night so they're coming up today to finish the festivities. I'm sure you'll enjoy meeting those thoroughly lovable kiddies outside of school and I know they'll be glad to know you. Mother and I are looking forward so much to getting better acquainted with our unexpected visitor."

Gratefully Anne smiled up at him, a pitiful little attempt at a smile, and then she closed her eyes happily and snuggled down among the comforters. She was going to have a Christmas after all.



For Sale: A doll, by a young lady with an unbreakable head.

For Rent: A garage, by a young man with a tin roof.

## "Billy Evans, Choir Boy"

By MARY F. JACOBY, '23

It was a bitter cold day. The wind howled around St. John's parish house, rattling the panes of glass and hurling the snow in gusts against the building. Inside, the rehearsal of the choir was in progress. The boys sat in their accustomed places, singing over and over again the music which on next Sunday would hold the fashionable audience of St. John's spell-bound.

Suddenly the door opened, and there stood on the threshold a little boy with torn stockings and no overcoat. Over his shoulder hung a bunch of newspapers, and he carried an old cap in his hand.

As the door opened, and the cold blast of air swept the room, forty heads turned instantaneously and forty boys eyed the stranger. The choir master rose and approached the young intruder.

"Well, my little man, what can I do for you?"

Shaking from excitement, even more than the cold, the small voice answered, "I—I want to sing, sir."

The master hesitated for a moment, then gently led the boy to the piano, and, seating himself, struck a chord.

"Sing with me."

At first the voice trembled and wavered, then, gaining courage, rose higher and higher until it seemed to reach the heavens. The notes at the piano ceased abruptly; the choir master spoke in an almost reverent voice:

"You have the most perfect child voice I have ever heard."

It was thus Billy Evans, newsboy, joined the choir of St. John's fashionable church.

Of Billy's parentage little could be learned; he lived with a family named Murphy, who had found him one Christmas eve seven years before, half frozen on the doorstep. He had worn expensive clothing, and on his under-vest was embroidered "Billy Evans."

Outside of calling incessantly for "my dear," there had been no clue of any kind. He had been very ill and when, weeks later, he dragged himself around with the Murphy children the cries for "my dear" had ceased.

If the calico of Mrs. Murphy's bosom was very different from the silk of "my dear's," he gave no sign. In the night he sang to himself over and over a little French lullaby that "my dear" had sung to him.

As he grew older he sold papers, turning his small earnings into the Murphy's family treasury. He went to school off and on; mostly off. When Mrs. Murphy was asked if she hadn't tried to find Billy's parents, she replied:

"I never thought of the likes of that; and, in faith, I had no time, with five small mouths to feed and one pair of hands to feed them."

One night a distressed Billy appeared at the choir-master's door. Mrs. Murphy was moving from the city and he would have to go along. Now there would be no music, no singing. The big tears filled his eyes and rolled unheeded down his cheeks.

The choir master was moved. Poor Billy, poor little waif of humanity. Presently he encouraged Billy to talk about himself. Billy, hesitatingly, because he had never spoken of these things to any living soul, told of "my dear" and his lullaby. It was an odd little thing written years ago. The master tried to recall where he had heard it. Suddenly he remembered that he had heard Marcia Evans sing it before he went abroad seven years ago. Evans! Why, that was Billy's name! The Evanses had had a boy, who he had thought died; then he vaguely recalled the report of Marcia Evans's brain fever, brought on from the disappearance of her son. He stared unbelievably down into Billy's face.

"Come to see me tomorrow," he said.



That night he sent a wire to the Evans's home in New York.

"Come to Philadelphia at once. I have news for you concerning a child."

Nat Evans handed the message to his wife, a cynical smile on his face, because of the many, many clues that had been followed since their son was lost seven years ago.

"It's no use," he said, but his wife laid her hand gently on his.

"It may be in some way doing something for him."

"All right; I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning, but no hopes, remember. I'll telegraph you when I'll return.

He watched the little ray of hope that crept into his wife's face, watched it sadly because he had seen it fade so often to despair.

The choir master met Nat Evans at the station and told him briefly what he knew of the choir boy. He added that he had never connected the similarity of names until last night when Billy had sung that odd little French lullaby that Marcia Evans had so often sung. He told him how Billy had

spoken of a person he remembered as "my dear."

Billy Evans was already in the choir room when the two men entered. He rose at once and stood, hat in hand, looking questioningly from one to the other. Nat Evans saw before him a small, ragged newsboy, with the marks of poverty on him, but in his eyes he saw again his wife's; the carriage of his small head was the Evans's heritage; and he realized that before him he saw his only son.

"Sing that lullaby for Mr. Evans, Billy," the master said. Billy threw back his head and sang Marcia Evans's little French lullaby with even a hint of Marcia's accent.

The tears rolled freely down Nat Evans's cheeks. When Billy had finished he gathered him close in his arms and, wonderingly, Billy submitted. Then he told Billy of the little boy who had been lost when only three years old; of the big house that waited for him; and lastly of "my dear." For the first time Billy spoke.

"I want 'my dear'," he said. That night a wire flashed to the Evans's home:

"Come at once; I have found our boy."



## The Christmas Stars

By PRISCILLA PACKARD, '24

These stars have seen the groping of the world,  
The rising, falling of man's petty schemes,  
The days of Pharaohs, Greece, and mighty Rome.  
Stars guide the sailor, fill the poet's dreams,  
A star it was that led the Wise Men on.  
And I, who can but gaze upon them, know  
How small a part of this vast plan I hold,  
How short the space to stay and then to go  
Far from the ways of men. Oh, can it be  
That He who made this universe made me?



## A Christmas Song

By FRANCIS H. EATON, '23

O bells! .Peal forth thy gladsome news  
From every belfry far and wide,  
That Peace and Love predominate,  
On this joyous Christmastide.

O bells! Ring out in merry notes,  
O'er hill and dale and countryside,  
The Song of old, the best of all,  
Of Christ, the child of Christmastide.

O bells! Ring out, peal forth, proclaim  
In every land where Life abides  
That peace on earth, good-will toward men  
Is the Message of this Christmastide.



## Christmas Thoughts

By HELEN KROOG, '23 and HARRIET WILLIAMS, '23

Within an ancient hamlet long ago  
Upon a bleak, and chill, and starry night,  
Our God did make to shine a golden light  
Around a little, silent manger low.

And for that infant manger child, who came  
To mark the way for Christianity,  
We render thanks to Him who made us see  
That he alone must be our cross of fame.

And now the chimes of Yuletide spread good cheer  
O'er all the towns and cities far and wide.  
Old grievances and hates are laid aside,  
And happiness and friendship soon appear.

So sing forth carols on this Christmas morn,  
To sound the glories of God's lasting peace,  
The mighty peace proclaimed to never cease,  
But signalizing earth once more reborn.





## Only a Freshman

By GEORGE I. DAVIS, '24

"Twenty-six, twenty-six! Twenty-six, rah! Freshie, Freshie, Watch out, Freshie!" With happy yelps of exultation, like those of hunters sighting game, a band of laughing, happy sophomores of Williams' Preparatory School surrounded the freshman who, unfortunately, had attempted to cross the campus alone.

The latter, a well-built, alert, blue-eyed boy, gazed around and stood his ground firmly.

"Look what's here," remarked one of the band sarcastically.

"Yes, it is I," returned the freshman.

"Here, here, don't get saucy now, and by the way, don't you know enough to bow when you address your superiors?"

"Why certainly, my SUPERIORS."

"His emphasis on the last word brought hoots and jeers from the crowd, and the very much angered leader of the mob rushed at the good-natured freshman.

But the agile youngster stepped aside allowing the infuriated leader to land sprawling in the dust.

The leader became so wrathful that he turned and made another mad plunge for the opponent. This time the clever athlete used the football straight-arm and sent the leader to the ground with a thud.

By this time the mob had become enraged at the newcomer, and, although admiring the freshman's strength and skill, decided that it was time to put an end to their leader's pommeling. For a few moments the sophomores were thrown about by the freshie, but soon the numbers began to count and the boy was forced to take his medicine. When at last the band started off to find another victim, one of the number hung back and whispered, "You're all right, kid, you fooled 'em all."

After the dust had cleared and all had departed, the victim started on his way to

the Library, but as he started off, a hand on the shoulder and a voice called, "I saw you down 'Heck' Silva, the football captain, and I would like to say that it was a clever piece of work. Now, this afternoon I want you to report at the athletic field at three o'clock. Will you?"

"Yes sir," said the boy.

"Oh by the way, what's your name?"

"Arthur Williams."

"Good; well, don't forget."

Promptly at three the freshman was on the field. The coach took him in hand immediately. "Ever played before?" he asked. Arthur admitted he had, a little, mostly with his older brother.

The coach led him to the center of the field where fourteen men were lined, seven on a side. "Now," he said, "you go in there and take Smith's place and do what the others are doing."

Rather nervously he stepped up to Smith and gave the orders of the coach in as few words as possible. Then Arthur crouched as he saw the rest of the boys doing, one foot braced behind him, his weight largely balanced on his hands. Looking up, he saw the dismal face of "Heck" less than a foot away. He heard the coach bark "Charge!" and a second later picked himself up several feet back, where "Heck" had knocked him. Again and again "Heck" bowled him over with a fierce charge. Finally, he became aware of his apparent weakness and gave Captain Silva one of the hardest jolts possible, after which the coach complimented him and sent him to the showers with orders to report on the following day.

Arthur's game fight against the Soph's was the talk of the school and even the teachers admired his work, but in spite of the many questions, he refused to talk.

The next afternoon he went out as before, and so on for two weeks, until the night before

the first game. At this time the coach approached him on his way from the dining hall, and told him that he would be first substitute for the back field.

In the second half Arthur replaced Mitchell at right half-back. Never did a youth try harder to fulfill his task. He played the game for all there was in him, running fast, tackling hard, and making and breaking interference. The reward came when he began to hear whisperings that Coach Brigham had unearthed a star of the first magnitude, Arthur Williams. Fearing lest this talk cause him to let down, he worked even harder in the following games.

At last the game with Canton was but four days away, with Arthur Williams easily the star for Williams Prep.

The time flew, and before he knew it Saturday had arrived with alumni pouring in from all sections of the State. Arthur heard the cheer of the Canton students as they marched past his room. At two-thirty the two teams came from the dugouts and went through a short series of signals amid the cheers of their backers.

The first half of the game was fiercely fought, neither side seeming to have an advantage, and the score remained 0 to 0.

The kick off came straight into Arthur's arms; up the field he started with the roar of voices urging him on. "Heck" was just ahead of him and together they raced on and far to the right. Twice "Heck" bowled over would-be tacklers, and twice Arthur dodged their outstretched arms. The forty-five yard line was reached before the Williams' star was forced out of bounds by a diving tackle.

A smashing attack toward the goal line was begun with Arthur carrying the ball nearly every play. It was heart breaking work, with small gains of two and three yards. The Canton team couldn't stop Arthur. The stands had realized it and roars of encouragement boomed forth. Only the coach on the sidelines was looking more and more worried. "No human being can stand

the pounding Arthur is getting," he said to his assistant.

At the twelve-yard line, when the hopes of the Williams' backers were at the highest, the Canton team made a desperate stand. Twice Arthur hit the line with all his power but twice he was stopped dead.

"Seven, four, eight!" called the quarter-back. It was the signal for another pass. The Canton team recognized the play and spread to meet it.

"No, No, Bill!" called Arthur, "use nine, four, twenty."

Bill heard the suggestion and Arthur was off around left end. The end was put out by the full-back; the opposing half was thrown aside by a straight arm; and the goal had been crossed.

The frantic cheering from the grand stands increased as McGrath kicked the goal from the line of scrimmage. The third quarter ended and Canton chances were growing thinner.

"Three minutes to go," said the time-keeper.

Canton became desperate and tried a long forward pass to her right end. The throw was accurate and there was absolutely no player near this end. The ball was received, and like a flash the end tore down the field, his only opponent being Arthur, who had come from behind and was steadily gaining on the end.

The Canton star was now on Williams' forty-yard line and Arthur but five yards behind him. At last Arthur's body left the ground and by one of the most skillful, flying tackles he brought his opponent to the ground on Williams' eighteen-yard line.

"Line, hold 'em, hold 'em," muttered Arthur amid the roars of the grand stand.

Two more attempts were unsuccessful and the referee blew his whistle, the game was over and Williams had won, seven to nothing.

Out onto the field poured the cheering students and alumni of Williams, deliriously happy. Up on the shoulders of the happy



crowd went the Williams' man. Then started the parade, Arthur high in the air, leading it. Out of the field and up the street went the cheering, whistling mob.

It was a tired but jubilant Arthur who climbed into bed that night, knowing that his name would be writ in letters of gold in the book of Williams' heroes.

## Oh Cruel Fate!

By FRANCES I. KROLL, '23

Peter Hunter Townsend was going calling! Resplendent in an afternoon suit of light gray, a finely woven panama, a delicate orchid necktie and other harmonious accessories, Mr. Townsend presented an admirable picture of a bashful young professor on the eve of his first call upon a fair damsel. With graceful mien he picked his way daintily down the street whereon the maiden dwelt. With an affected carelessness, most unsuitable, he approached the house. As he neared the porch, however, his jaunty air gave place to one of trepidation. Softly he mounted the steps. Softly he crossed the broad verandah. Timidly he placed his left forefinger on the bell and then, overcome, perhaps, with a sudden faintness, he leaned against said finger. The result was a sharp ring within. Hastily the cause of the disturbance was withdrawn. Peter Hunter Townsend was listening. Listening and waiting. Not a sound was audible.

With a sigh of relief Mr. Townsend allowed his pensive gaze to rest upon a neat card which bore the inscription "Brown."

"Brown!" he ejaculated in amazement. "Brown! Why I distinctly remember Miss Dunn's saying she lived with her parents!"

His ruminations were interrupted by sounds of soft footsteps approaching the door.

Horrors! What was he to do! A deathly pallor o'erspread his usually pale countenance. His inborn pride forbade a hasty and undignified retreat. He straightened himself for the ordeal.

The door opened.

"Yes?" said a tall forbidding looking woman.

"Is—. Is—! Eh—! By any chance is Mr. Thompson at home?" he asked with

almost a hopeful certainty that he had chosen the name of one who did not dwell in the house of Brown.

"Yes, he is. Won't you come in?" invited the woman.

Mr. Townsend tottered! This was too much!

"Then—! Then—! Then he really *is* at home?" he stammered.

"Indeed, yes," assured the gaunt one. "Mr. Thompson has been ill for five weeks, but he's been up and around for fully three days now. Come in and I'll call him."

Now Peter Hunter Townsend's brain was not accustomed to working rapidly. It did not function at all, now. Blindly he followed the line of least resistance and staggered after his too obliging hostess. She led the way to a quiet library where she left him with the promise to send Mr. Thompson right down.

Mr. Townsend gazed around him in bewilderment. He must have some reason for intruding. Ah! The very idea! He would be a book agent. Hastily he picked up a volume from the table and sat down. Hastily, too, he turned the pages in an effort to find something to talk about.

"What in thunder do those book-agent fellows say anyway?" he pondered. "Never paid much attention to them before but—. I must discover just what book this is."

He closed the volume, and slowly removed its paper jacket. "Fanny Farmer's Cook Book" he read. With a gasp of dismay he collapsed in his chair.

A cough at the door interrupted his frenzied ravings. He rose bravely, the light of battle in his eye, and turned toward the cough.

"Mr. Thompson," he began and then

stopped. His jaw dropped down a full four inches. Glassily he gazed straight ahead at the rather pale man who stood in the doorway. This youth, too, looked distressed. Finally he managed to croak, "Well, Bubbles

Townsend, where under canopy did you drop from? It's fully ten years since——."

But Peter Hunter Townsend, he of the delicate constitution, had quietly fainted away.



## A Tale From The Ireland That Was

By PRISCILLA L. PACKARD, '24

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

*Omar Khayyam.*

I

"Can't I have it, father?"

"Nay, I'll not be givin' ye any money to throw away. If Mike Connor wants to go to Dublin, he can go, but you're not goin'."

"But I earned it. I kept sheep for you the whole summer."

"Yes, and belike ye'll be wastin' you're winter in the schoolhouse. Nay, ye'll not go and don't be askin' me agin'."

The boy sullenly turned to go, but the man stopped him with a touch on the shoulder. "Don't be goin' far, Danny," he said. "I'm wantin' ye later."

Danny watched his father limp away. The old man made a pathetic figure, and the son knew that to that distorted, pain-racked body every step was agony, but he was now in no mood to feel pity and turned hastily in another direction.

Several hours went by, and Patrick Donegal was fuming with impatience because his son had not yet returned. A shadowy suspicion was forming in his mind, and a short while later that suspicion was confirmed.

Garrulous old Tom O'Connell came up to the door for a moment's gossip. "Sure, that's a foine son of your's," he said. "I saw him sell those sheep this afternoon, and he made as shrewd a bargain as you or I could. Indade he talked the money out of Dan Mooney's pocketsasthough he'd kissed the Blarney Stone. Ye'll be proud of the lad some day, I'm thinkin'."

"Yes, belike," said the listener harshly.

The gossip talked freely of other things, but Patrick didn't hear him. For Danny to have gone, in defiance of his command, was scarcely believable, but to have sold the sheep —. The blue eyes were cold and determined; Danny was a thief and should be punished. The boy's mother wouldn't like it, but — and he set his lips firmly — the boy must be punished severely.

No details of Danny's return need be given. Suffice to say that Father Burke, the kindly village priest, found the boys and brought them home. Patrick Donegal said little, but, when his son had been home a few hours, the two set out together and shortly afterward the old man returned alone.

Mother Donegal looked up from her knitting. "Where's Danny?" she queried. "Over in the village."

Something in his tone disturbed her. She rose and put her hand on his arm. "Why is he there? What have ye done? Tell me!"

Patrick turned defiantly. "I had Danny put in jail," he said.

For a minute it overwhelmed her, and then the tears came. "My Danny! Oh, the poor lad! Why did ye do it? Ye mustn't let him stay there, ye mustn't, ye mustn't!"

The man was relentlessly calm. "Danny must learn," he said. "Sure, if Mike had taken them ye'd have been glad of his goin'. It's no different."

Months passed, and the boy didn't return. Gossips such as Tom O'Connell said that he had disappeared after his term was up. His parents volunteered nothing. His father kept sternly aloof, and his mother now bore it



silently. She had long ago found all remonstrance futile.

## II

For Patrick and his wife the years went by "like a tale that is told." Danny had never been heard from and was scarcely ever mentioned between them.

One evening they were sitting there silently, as usual. Mother Donegal's knitting lay untouched; she could no longer see to work by firelight. Her husband had fallen asleep and was breathing heavily. Suddenly he woke up. Both felt a presence in the room and turned involuntarily. A man was standing there, hat in hand, whose face and figure seemed familiar. Patrick Donegal started up.

"Could you give me shelter for the night?" the stranger asked. "My horse has fallen—"

The old man looked at him suspiciously and moved toward the door. "The sheep aren't in the barn yet. I —"

A shot, a confused murmur, silence.

Mother Donegal was stunned for a moment, but at length she looked up. Why, the stranger had gone, and yes, there was something on the floor. She tottered over to it and touched it cautiously, and then she was sobbing quietly. The something on the floor was the body of Patrick Donegal.

## III

Years later, Danny was found, wretched and penniless, in the northern hills, and was brought back to justice. The day of the trial came, and the one in the world who had most reason to despise him, yet who loved him most, testified against him. Mother Donegal, in loyalty to the right, was forced to give evidence against her son. Great is the love that forgets self in the love of a child, but the love that rises above all human ties for truth's sake is nearer the Father's.

# Musical Tastes

By HARRIET WILLIAMS, '23

"There's sure no passion in the human soul  
But finds its food in music."—*Lillo*.

It is night before the great musical hall. Thousands are entering and we, too, will follow, but only as a phantom. There is loud clapping, then the calm silence of expectancy.

On the still air sounds Massenet's overture, "Phèdre." The glorious tumult grips the audience—thought, care, and pain pass from their brows. They hear only the orchestra playing that magnificent piece.

The listener's attention has been procured and he is now in a receptive condition for an "Andante tranquillo." Our eyes wander to the far part of the room, and rest a moment on the transfigured features of an old man. The sweet, gentle strains of the master musician, Shumann, have reached his heart. The lines on his face soften and peace seems to descend upon his soul. At the end he does not applaud with the others, but remains rapt in his repose.

The programme continues. During each piece we perceive that someone has heard a message to help him on in life's struggle. At one time we notice a girl's face light up with

hope and trust; at another, a young man leans tensely forward, waiting breathless on every note, as the crescendo soars to a climax, as if his life, too, were in the balance; but over all there lies that wonderful charm of a master's hand.

"Hail heaven-born music! by thy powers we raise  
The uplifted soul to acts of highest praise;  
O! I would die with music melting round;  
And float to bliss upon a sea of sound."—*Hopkinson*.

The dream has passed and we find ourselves by a woodland stream; but no—the music has not gone. It is here in Nature. The murmur of the gurgling stream, the trill of birds, the rustle of leaves, the breeze in the bushes—all these are music, and for many, the purest kind.

Music has a different charm for each one of us. What is beautiful to one, cannot find as ready approval with another. We must individually decide our tastes; but as we do so, let us remember with Byron:

"There's music in the sighing of a reed;  
There's music in the gushing of a rill;  
There's music in all things if men had ears;  
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres."

## Real Adventure

By MADELINE KROLL, '24

"I positively don't know what I'll do next winter, Pauline," said Joanne Taylor as they sat together on the piazza of the neat white farmhouse.

"Why! Do nothing at all, Honey. That's what I intend to do. This strenuous summer here has made a wreck of me! And another bunch of youngsters are coming tomorrow! I am worn to a shadow!" Her appearance rather contradicted this statement as she was plump, cheerful and exceedingly healthy.

The two had been conducting the fresh-air camp in connection with the Ethel Carlton Settlement House. They had charge of the games, prayers, sports and other activities, and they had been kept very busy thinking up new diversions for the enthusiastic kiddies who were eager to learn lots of new things to show to their families back in the city.

"Had you ever thought of teaching school, Polly?" continued Joanne.

"Mercy no, Jo. I had a hard enough time getting through college, as you well know, without trying to teach anyone else a new thing! I dare say the first graders know more than I do. What are you driving at? Aren't you going to Europe as your mother has planned? You have your winter all mapped out for you. You don't need to worry. What does every girl in our set do when she gets through college?"

"Yes, that's the trouble. They all do the same things," Jo protested. "They spend a season in Europe and then they are placed on the market as the finished product. I don't want to do that! I want to be different!"

"Oh piffle! Jo," exclaimed Polly disgustedly. "You always want to be different. I suppose that you are going in for Psycho-Analysis like Lynda May Potter. But then, there's no use for me to try to dissuade you. You've probably got some kind of a plan all cooked up now and are just waiting for a chance to spring it!"

"Yes, to tell the truth, I have. I had an offer from Trapper's Falls, Michigan, to come out and teach their little school for six months and I have just wired my acceptance."

"The deuce you have!" Polly exclaimed inelegantly. "Joanne Taylor, what did your mother say? Surely, she did not agree with your wild scheme?"

"I don't really know what her opinions are upon the subject," returned Jo coolly, "as I haven't told her yet. Remember, she doesn't know that I have bobbed my hair. I don't know what she would do if I broke all that news at once."

"But when are you going? You'll have to tell her sometime."

"I am going three days after we leave here and that is just ten days from today, so I'll have to do some hustling!"

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And so it happened that on the second of September, amidst tears and threats, Joanne Taylor embarked upon her great adventure.

Three weeks later, Pauline received the following:

"Dearest Polly,

"Yes, I have received all of your six letters. I am not dead. My right arm has not been amputated as you surmised. I simply have not had time to write. I never was so busy before.

"As this is my first letter to you, I suppose that I should explain my whereabouts, surroundings and work.

"I am away back in the central part of Michigan, about twelve miles from the nearest town. I live in a settlement or clearing, as it is called, consisting of about seven or eight farms scattered over quite a large area.

"I, as did Ichabod Crane, board out with each family in turn, only I don't saw wood to pay my board; I merely talk. The women are crazy to hear about the way we do things back in New York!



"I was rather disappointed, at first, to find that the school consisted of eleven pupils of various ages, but I find that I have my hands full with them and I am glad that there are no more.

"I have made the acquaintance of a very nice young professor from Princeton, who is teaching out here for his health. He has a school about four miles from here. He is coming over this afternoon and we will hold a 'teachers' convention.' Doesn't that sound important? I can see Mr. Forrest coming across the pasture so I will have to stop.

Fondly,

Jo."

In January, Polly received a rather disjointed letter which read as follows:

"Dear Polly,

"I am writing, while the school is studying its 'memory gem.' I would love to have been with you at Christmas time and enjoyed all the good times that you wrote about, but we only had a week's vacation.

"I have forgotten what I was going to say as

Pete Osgood nearly burned himself just then while feeding the stove.

"I went skating last night on the river. It was glorious! Mr. Forrest is a marvelous skater. He can do the 'dutch roll' to perfection!

"Goodness, will wonders never cease? Dora Nelson said her memory gem all through without a mistake. Maybe you can't appreciate that, but you don't know Dora! Sid — Mr. Forrest I mean, says that she has a bad case of 'lapis mentis' but I say she is just 'dumb.'

Hastily,

Joanne."

The last note that Polly ever received from Michigan was thus:

"Polly, Old Dear:

"My six months are up and I am not going to sign up again. I am going to live in New Jersey. Savez? I will be home, soon, so don't look worried, dear!

Yours till Thursday,

Joanne.

"P. S. How would you like to be maid of honor at a real spiffy wedding?"



## The Charm of the Old Houses

By PRISCILLA PACKARD, '24

As we cosily sip our tea by the fire that casts a feverish glow on the ever marching Hessians of the andirons, and lights up the panels of the wainscotting, do you wonder that I love old houses? What could be more pleasant on a cold November night, than to draw a chair close to a wide, ancient hearth and gaze leisurely about at the reflection of the firelight on the low walls and small-paned windows? An evening by an old fireside has the concentrated enjoyment of all the happy evenings people have spent there, for an old house is indeed haunted, not by ghosts and goblins, but by memories. They are whirled in by each wind that rumbles in the chimney or whistles through the crannies; they speak in each rattle of the windows or creak of the wide-boarded floors;

they hover about the room in the deep firelight shadows. When you are once under their spell, the time slips by unnoticed until the oak log falls with a shower of sparks.

Such are the delights of a fall evening, but in the summertime, what is more alluring than a glimpse of hollyhocks behind a white, picket fence and of a narrow, brick pathway leading to a brass-knocked doorway? Surely such a sight tempts the most casual passer-by who is delighted with the possibility of an equally quaint interior. In your vacation sojournings you have probably been thus tempted, for our towns and cities by the sea have old houses in abundance. There you find the stately three-story mansions built by the old-time sea captains. For houses of such unusual height, they are miracles of grace

and proportion, and they are the chief beauty of such places as Portsmouth and Newburyport. If you have chuckled over the pranks of "A bad boy," you will want to pay a visit to his "Rivermouth," for it is much the same as it was in Tom Bailey's time. Grandfather Nutter's house still stands on the narrow street leading down to the river, and everywhere you will find the same dignified, old homes in the Portsmouth streets that have a quiet, old-fashioned atmosphere that no amount of "the blessings of civilization" can dispel.

And now, did you ever hear of Timothy Dexter? No? Few know of him now, but once upon a time he was one of Newburyport's leading citizens and called himself "Lord Timothy Dexter, the greatest in the East, the greatest in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the known world." So Lord Timothy built himself a mansion, for many years one of the curiosities of Newburyport. The front lawn was filled with statues of his heroes, which he painted over into different people when the fancy seized him, and, at

the rear of the house, he erected a tomb for himself where he smoked his pipe and read his Bible in peace. The statues are gone, but the house remains, and some day you and I must go to see it. The love of old houses leads one on many delightful and curious by-paths and the life history of Lord Timothy is one of them, but as our friend Mr. Kipling, says, "that is another story."

If you love old books or old furniture, you certainly want an old house to keep them in. And sometime, as you wander along a country road, you will catch sight of a house that has been waiting just for you. There is a lovely, little old house on the Maine coast that I call mine. In my dreams I have planted an old-fashioned garden behind it, with hollyhocks by the door, and have spent many such an evening as this by the fire. The present owner lives on, serenely unconscious of my designs upon his dwelling place and probably would "hang my impudence" if he knew. It is only my dream house, as yet, but some day, when it is really mine, you and I shall have tea in the garden together.



## Leave It to Jimmy

By BARRETT GETCHELL, '23

Jim was afraid. Whenever he looked at those big doors his heart sank. What would happen if he walked boldly in?

Jim gulped twice, shut his eyes, and resolutely stalked in through the doors. He opened his eyes. At the desk in front of him sat a small man with curly brown hair. The man was very busy. He looked up wearily, and said, "Yes?" in a tone that meant "No." Jim gulped again, and opened his mouth but said nothing.

The man's eyes began to twinkle. He saw before him a tall, ungainly youth, aged about thirteen. He was standing awkwardly on one pedal extremity and nervously twisting his hat in his hands.

"Well, son, what can I do for you?" said the man gravely.

"You—er, I—I would like a job as office boy. I saw your notice and I thought maybe I might try." (It wasn't a bit hard to talk, after he got started.)

"What is your name?" the man asked, looking him over keenly.

"James Gardner. I haven't any middle name."

All this time the man had been looking at him. (It made one feel uncomfortable to be examined like that.)

"Well, Jimmy, I'll give you a try. Come around tomorrow morning at seven-thirty."

"Yes, sir! thank you sir!" mumbled Jimmy, and turned to go but as he turned one of his unmanageable feet caught around the leg of a chair and he sprawled full length on the floor. He got up hastily and ran



out. (What would the big boss think of him? He was sure to get fired next morning.)

After the boy had gone out the "big boss" lay back in his chair and laughed till the tears came into his eyes. "At last," he said, "I'll get my much needed recreation."

On his way home, Jimmy was thinking of his employer. He had always thought that Mr. Hale, the president of the Sterling Motor Manufacturing Company, Ltd., would be a large man with a hard face and square jaw — one who would hardly look at boys.

The next day Jimmy approached the doors of his new place of business with an empty feeling. (It must have been the elevator's fault.) He walked into the office, glanced timidly at the boss, and hung his hat on a hook.

"Good morning, Jimmy," said the boss, pleasantly.

"G—good morning, sir."

"All ready for work this morning?"

"Yes, sir" (eagerly).

"Well, go down and tell Mr. Heartwell that Mr. Hale wants the oil statement."

"Yes, sir." The boss had turned to his work and evidently dismissed Jimmy. Who was Mr. Heartwell? Where was he? There were ten stories to the building and it covered a whole block. Mr. Hale's office was on the second floor and he had said, "go down." Jimmy got into the elevator and on the way down asked the elevator boy if he knew where Mr. Heartwell was. "Heartwell? Ah doan know no Mistah Heartwell."

Jimmy got out of the elevator and looked around. At one side of the corridor in which he was standing was a little window above which was a sign, "Information."

Jim walked over to the window and timidly asked, "Where can I find Mr. Heartwell?" The man didn't look up from his work but mumbled in a bored tone, "Section E. Room 13, this floor."

"Thank you," said Jimmy and turned away. He looked down the corridor ahead of him and saw at the other end a big card on the wall which bore the inscription,

"Section E." He almost ran down the corridor. It was an easy matter to find Room 13, and Jim walked boldly in. The man at the desk looked up as he entered and then held out an envelope to him. "Here's the oil statement, my boy," said the man in a voice that made Jimmy jump.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Jim. Then he hurried back to the elevator, wondering if the boss would think he had taken too long. But when he walked into the office Mr. Hale was smiling broadly. "You got it all right, I see," he said. Jimmy vaguely wondered what he was laughing at and also for the first time, how Mr. Heartwell had known what he had come for. He was later introduced to the system of office telephones.

The rest of the day was very full for Jim. He was busy getting acquainted with the building, the people, and his job. When he went home that evening he was very tired, but also very happy. The boss had told him that he had done well.

One week from the day of his employment, Jimmy came into the office as usual. His employer looked up as he entered and then said: "Jimmy, I have an important message for you to take. It is an acceptance of an offer of four thousand dollars for a new motor patent. Don't fail." He handed Jim a small piece of folded paper. "The man you want is Mr. Jarvis. He stays at the — Hotel on the west side. You know the place." Jimmy nodded and went out. He put the note into his inside pocket. The boss had trusted him with an important errand. He must be careful.

Twenty minutes later he walked into the — Hotel. The clerk at the desk told him that Mr. Jarvis had left about an hour ago, for his club, the Essex Club, on the east side. Jimmy started on his return trip. He was troubled and anxious. He chafed at the slowness of the car. What if he should fail?

He reached the Essex Club building and walked in. There didn't seem to be anybody around connected with the building. Finally

he came upon a man in livery in front of a door marked, "The Exclusives." He accosted the man and found that Mr. Jarvis had gone to station "B" to take a train for Chicago, but that if he hurried he might get there before the train left. Jimmy rushed headlong out of the building and covered the short distance to station "B" in quick time. He ran around a corner and into a station-master. "Has the train for Chicago gone?" he gasped. The man nodded, "Just gone." Jimmy walked slowly, out of the station. He had failed.

\* \* \* \*

Half an hour after Jimmy left the office, Mr. Hale answered the summons of the telephone. "Hello! Yes! O yes! (pause) What? Wait a minute!" He pushed a button at his elbow. A boy bounced into the room. "Get the —Hotel on the other 'phone and find out if Jimmy has been there. If he hasn't tell them to send him back before he sees his man." The boy picked up the other telephone and soon had the hotel. Jimmy had been and gone.

They failed to mention that he didn't find Mr. Jarvis in.

"Oh Lord!" sighed Mr. Hale, "one thousand dollars gone!"

A little later Jimmy walked into the office with his head hanging. Mr. Hale looked up and said resignedly, "Well did you get him all right?" Jimmy squared his shoulders and blurted out, "No."

"What? You didn't deliver the note? Just a minute! Tell me about it afterwards." Mr. Hale grabbed his telephone and yelled, "Beachnut 123." There was a pause during which he tapped his foot impatiently. Jimmy thought his hour had come.

"Hello! Mr. Atkinson? Is that offer still open? Good! We accept." The boss hung up the receiver and turned to Jimmy. "You have just saved the company one thousand dollars." Jimmy's mouth dropped open. He fell into a chair and stared at the boss. "After you left," continued Mr. Hale, "I had an offer of five thousand for that patent. Jimmy, don't you ever leave this company. We couldn't get along without you."

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## "This Freedom"

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

(Reviewed by Francis H. Eaton)

Before a person attempts to criticize a work of literature of any type, of any period of the world's history, whether for the purpose of recording its merited qualities, or emphasizing its faults and imperfections, he must first devise a method that will enable him to receive a comprehensive insight into the work, from which he can determine its true value; such that his criticism will be clear, well founded, and to a certain degree, correct. He can best do this by framing a plan, or an outline, that will contain several separate topics which he can follow in his discussion of the work. This is the plan:

- I. The story element.
- II. The emotional element.
- III. The imaginative element.
- IV. The intellectual element.
- V. The formal element.

It is according to this outline that I am to discuss A. S. M. Hutchinson's latest novel, "This Freedom." The background of the novel is laid in England; first, in a small town in the suburbs of London, and later, in the mighty metropolis itself.

The story element is wrapped around the life of a person, known as Rosalie, from her childhood days to a more mature middle age. The author first introduces her to the reader in her Devonshire home when she is but four years old. At this tender age Rosalie has many peculiar whims and fancies. She views the life going on in the busy world about her as strange and wonderful, and can't conceive the reason why it is that men and not her own sex are so important in the universe.

An interesting account of her school life



is set forth, when, early in her 'teens, she leaves the parental home for her education in London.

During her term there she makes many friends and associations—one friend in particular who has an important influence helping her to choose the right path in life.

After her graduation she enters business as a stenographer in a large office. Her career in this field is suddenly broken, however, after a short romance and a marriage to a fellow whom she vehemently hates and at the same time passionately loves. But the fascination and success in her former occupation lures her away from her home and family, and it is not until her children are taken away from her, by death and jail terms, that she ultimately sees her terrible mistakes; all because her selfish desires were greater than her love and devotion for her family.

"This Freedom" is not a novel of daring episodes or the like, but it is one that holds the readers' closest attention and interest from cover to cover.

The emotional element is vigorously displayed in the contest between the forces of Right and the forces of Wrong, in which the Right is overpowered and trampled under foot by Wrong—the desertion of Rosalie from her family, in the latter part of the story. There was a bright and glorious future for this family of five, if outside influences had not exerted their strength in the endeavor to break the home ties. Thus the feelings and sympathies that Hutchinson attempts to invite into the minds of his readers have a high moral value, and a deep ethical meaning appended to the theme because it brings the two powerful phases of life together: the good and the evil to the

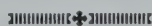
reader for a decision, which, though not applying to this novel, is usually a vindication for Right.

The imaginative element is next in order in the discussion of this book. The story constantly presents such a vivid picture to the mind that the reader is carried along by the tide of his imagination in the order of events, and sees each one as clear and as real as if it were in the realm of his own living. It is an unmistakable virtue that the novel has but few passages that are in any way difficult for the reader to comprehend.

Let us consider the intellectual element. This indirectly applies to the author for it is only through his learning that the book is written. It is apparent that Hutchinson is a highly educated man, not only in literary fields, where he has a vast knowledge of all the world's masterpieces, but in other fields as well. He thoroughly understands human nature and has the ability to portray it in all its shades and coloring.

Last of all we have the formal element to discuss. The author uses a selected vocabulary, free from all foreign dialects and to a certain extent free of slang, although he occasionally employs it for emphasis. His sentences and paragraphs are all constructed with care, for rhetorical mistakes are unknown.

In conclusion, A. S. M. Hutchinson's style of writing is worthy of praise and commendation. Although it may not be described with such qualifying adjectives as superb and magnificent, it nevertheless does deserve honor as coming from the pen of the author who wrote "If Winter Comes," which has been read by millions. Mr. Hutchinson's works, in my opinion, deserve high honor in the hearts of his American readers.



## October

By GEORGE BIRCH, '24

The yellow leaves are tumbling down,  
October's winds are blowing shrill,  
The cornfields all are draped in brown,  
While pheasants muster on the hill.

High overhead the ducks are flying  
To a clime where flowers grow,  
The pine trees in the grove are swaying,  
Winter's o'er us creeping slow.

## Packard vs. Flivver

By LEWIS BROWN, '23

This I beheld or thought it in a dream  
 There spread a pile of steel along the street  
 And underneath this pile or in it raged  
 A furious battle, and officers yelled, and tin  
 Shocked upon tin and tires. A Ford's top  
 Wavered, then staggered back, smothered by Packards  
 A Ford hung along the battle's edge  
 And thought — "Had I a bumper of stronger steel  
 That thick bar the Packard bears — but this  
 "Tin thing!" — he snapt and broke it from him  
 And lowering backed away and left the road.  
 Then came the Packard, dented, flat tired  
 And bumperless, and saw the broken bumper  
 Half buried in the road's dry dust  
 And quickly ran and put it on, and with battle shout  
 Started afresh, he mowed the flivvers down  
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

## My Christmas Day

By PEARL R. MILLER, '24

I got a top for Christmas, I did —  
 And a jack-in-the-box — When you open the lid  
 A great gnome springs out — right into the air  
 You'd be awf'ly fright'ned — if you're not prepared.

My sister was s'prised, Jack sprang in her face,  
 And you ought to have seen her look of amaze!  
 I couldn't help laughing, an' then she got mad.  
 She said I'm the worst boy — Oh, I'm so bad!

They gave her a doll — those silly old things!  
 With ribbons and laces, and dresses and rings.  
 I got something better — a dog — that'll run  
 And play and jump — we'll have lots of fun!

After all 'twas a good Christmas day, I am sure,  
 Dad and I took a walk 'way over the moor,  
 That was the best part of Christmas, see?  
 For Dad told lots of stories to me!



## Evening

By HENRY S. LEONARD, '23

I ascended the little rise to get a clearer  
 view of the country and the sunset. Sunset  
 always bears a distinctive charm, but never  
 was there a more admirable setting. The  
 view ahead was quite shut off until the  
 summit would be reached, so while climbing  
 I looked back at the beautiful lake I had just  
 quitted. Three miles of water stretching  
 down either side of an island two miles long.  
 But one hill on any shore was bare of its  
 trees. All the others were thickly timbered.  
 Some sloped gently back from the shore;  
 others rose abruptly to some height. Truly a  
 wonderful place to spend a summer. What  
 inspirations would not be drawn out by living  
 in such an atmosphere! What ideals might  
 not be moulded here, in a country yet un-  
 marred by man! But the mission of my  
 evening stroll was not yet realized, so I pro-  
 ceeded on my way. Birds softly sang their  
 evening vespers. The cows had retired  
 sweet slumber in clover-scented to a  
 pastures.

But enough. I have reached the summit.

Ahead the hill drops into a deep valley and  
 opposite another hill rises yet a little higher  
 than the one I am on. Hill after hill, miles  
 of wooded hills stretch away to the west. The  
 great flaming disc is half sunk in the ocean of  
 trees. To either side the sky is a lurid  
 red, now a yellow, now orange. The irregu-  
 lar horizon shows in bold relief against this  
 brightness. One great elm, for such it must  
 be, towers above the other trees and spreads  
 its two great halves to all appearances like a  
 mammoth bird.

The sun is now entirely hidden. Great  
 streaks of brilliance point out from its grave.  
 Clouds are tinted and lined with the bright-  
 ness. Higher in the sky, gray is prevalent  
 and directly above one, all is black.

I look toward the horizon again. The  
 vivid colors seem for a moment to be intensi-  
 fied, and then, almost immediately, they begin  
 to fade. The gray creeps in, and then the  
 dark black curtain covers all. A star appears  
 in the west. Now I see another near the  
 zenith. The birds have hushed their songs.



Only the low guttural notes of a bull frog occasionally break the silence. I return to the margin of the lakes and the soft waves play me a sweet lullaby.

Peace, quiet, night and sweet sleep. Inspiration for the inspired, ideas for the idealist, dreams for the dreamer: a dear God's way of speaking to his people.



## "Stung"

By FRANCES I. KROLL, '23

"You think you're pretty smart, Danny Briggs, cutting me out with Betty Queens. But don't you worry, I'll get even with *you* all right, all right. *Some day* you'll be sorry you got too fresh." Thus did Mac Grant, his brown eyes snapping, deliver his ultimatum to the masculine charmer who had apparently won from him the affections of one Elizabeth Queens, the "Becky Thatcher" of Albans.

The unabashed Danny grinned on, unafraid, for had not the fair Betty honored him by accepting his, out of her many invitations to the Sunday-school picnic. Little cared he for the agonies of the rejected. Betty Queens was as good as his even now. So, with a satisfied smirk, he shouldered his books and proceeded to his paternal mansion while the unfortunate Mac remained seated on the stone wall, registering deep thought, his face buried in his hands.

\* \* \* \*

The Sunday-school picnic was a huge success as far as the proud Danny was concerned, but his condition of blissful enjoyment was not experienced by all.

Ruefully Mac watched the unbending Danny haughtily escorting the dainty Betty thru the various amusements of the day, and, inwardly, Mac renewed his vow of vengeance. Then, at the base of Mac's already over-active brain, there came a flicker of inspiration and this same inspiration, fanned by occasional glimpses of a certain very pretty young lady bestowing smiles and favors upon a highly elated Danny grew into a firm-seated resolution.

\* \* \* \*

The greatest social event of the season,

to the youthful population of Albans, at least, was well started. Early in the week, the scholars of 8B had received little, square, blue envelopes which contained the news, already familiar, that Miss Grayce Glyn would entertain her many friends on Friday evening, in celebration of her thirteenth birthday. Now Grayce Glyn was the rather commonplace daughter of a rather commonplace father who *had* been the village blacksmith, but who had now risen to the position of Albans' most wealthy citizen. As befitted his station of social leader, he annually entertained his daughter's friends in a most elegant and elaborate manner, on the event of her birthday. This particular party was especially fine for it was given in the new ballroom of the palatial Glyn residence. A small orchestra had been *imported* from Boston, an unheard of thing for a child's affair.

All the feminine guests were bedecked in their latest finery (in most cases, made for the occasion.) There was the young hostess in a very fancy, beruffled and beribboned dress of lemon yellow chiffon which seemed to distinctly object to her fair but pimply complexion. Ruth Forbes and Jean Donald were very conscious of their new flowered muslins while Betty felt herself quite the belle in a pale pink organdie. Her usually smooth flaxen braids had been reconstructed into the most startling curls imaginable.

The masculine element expressed its sincere approval by showering her with clamorous demands for the first dance, the second, etc., down to the forty-ninth. These gratifying attentions Betty accepted with as regal grace as she could assume, but the

honor of the first dance she reserved for the omnipresent Danny. During the first fox-trot it became apparent that there was one boy too many but Grayce announced that her cousin, Lucy Duncan, of New York and Newport, was expected any moment. She was staying at the Inn, Grayce explained. Grayce, herself, was not so charming that her guests felt any degree of excitement over the arrival of her cousin.

However, there was quite a little flurry when a young lady, clad to the ears in a magnificent moleskin wrap, swept thru the hall and up the broad stairway to the girls' dressing room. Grayce thereupon excused herself and hurried up after her guest and, after a long interval of suspense, and apprehension on the part of some of the more popular young ladies, the two girls reappeared.

Set off by her cousin's blonde homeliness, Lucy Duncan was quite the most beautiful and appealing young lady Albans had ever seen.

Her thick, dark, bobbed hair, curled a tiny bit, was cut with long, straight bangs in front. Beneath long, fluttering lashes gleamed a pair of merry brown eyes. The slightly boyish expression of her features and the dainty uptilted nose gave her a delightful piquancy. Her dress was really, on the whole, the most surprising thing of all. It was made of a soft jade taffeta and although the lines were simple enough the result was startling in that room full of delicate tints. Startling, but not displeasing, as was evidenced by the general rush Lucyward. Danny Briggs was the first to reach her and be presented by the somewhat bewildered Grayce and, moreover, it was upon Danny that this most unusual young person deigned to confer her favor.

The surprised Betty was left quite to her own resources until another swain, a lesser

light, stepped forward to continue the patronizing of home beauty.

Danny, however, had eyes for none but the lovely Lucy. They danced together not once or twice, but many times, and, when they were not dancing they were sitting in a corner talking eagerly. Danny quite amazed himself by his ability at repartee. Formerly, his admiration for fair damsels had been expressed in dumb but pathetic glances.

When the refreshments were served, Danny was overjoyed to find his place at table beside his divinity. His very noticeable admiration for Lucy attracted the disapproving notice of many of his schoolmates. These with Betty's injured but disdainful glances passed unnoticed.

The playing of the last waltz fell as a terrific blow on the head of unsuspecting Danny. Lucy had told him that he would probably never see Lucy Duncan again. To his delight, however, she dismissed her limousine for the pleasure of strolling the short walk to the hotel with him.

Lingeringly, they made their way along the street, once quiet, but now filled with the chatter of home-going merry-makers. At the Inn Danny lingered.

"Aw say, Lucy," queried he, "shall I never see you again? Won't you be coming back to your cousin's soon?"

"Why so ardent, Danny?" queried Lucy.

"Why—er—you see—well—I never met—well—er Lucy—I—well, there's no one quite like you for me, Lucy," stammered the boy. "I never could like any other girl after knowing you!" very tenderly.

A change occurred in Lucy's voice. It's sweetness melted. "Well, Danny, old boy, that's all I wanted to know!" declared Mac's voice as he tossed off the charming bobbed wig. "As long as I know your hands are off Betty, I'm willing to call it quits!"



## Characteristics of Elizabethan Acting

By HARRIET WILLIAMS, '23

The Elizabethan period has been styled the Golden Age of English literature, for during Elizabeth's reign there occurred a decided revival of the classical, and a broadening of the scope of the writers. The most distinct advance was made in the drama field, under the master hand of Shakespeare. Since this man can rightfully be said to be our greatest dramatist it will be well to study the surroundings in which the public first met his works.

As the glory of the Athenian drama followed upon the rout of Persia at Marathon and Salamis, so the glory of the English drama followed upon the rout of Spain. Throughout the Middle Ages the acting had been of a purely religious aspect. The Reformation had stopped the production of the old Miracle Plays, but nevertheless the people still demanded theatrical amusement.

There first appeared a marked renewal of the masque. Then followed a revival of the classical. It is interesting to note that students and retainers of courtiers were the only actors of these new comedies and tragedies written on the classical model which were beginning to be so fashionable at court. (For the first fifteen years of Elizabeth's reign the common people had no comedy or tragedy. They still produced the Mystery and Morality Plays.)

While we have reason to believe that in many instances gorgeousness of scenery was lacking, dress made amends. Large sums were spent on costumes, and it was quite a common occurrence for actors to purchase the cast off clothes of king or courtiers;

and it is even said that on one occasion the royal garments were loaned for a performance. From this we may conclude that the acting was impressive. In addition, it was the custom for all actors to cross the stage in costume before the piece began, thus lending more to the impressiveness.

In Queen Elizabeth's day, the public had a very keen relish for tragedy, especially for the "blood and thunder" order. In spite of this it must have appreciated humor, since the intermissions invariably were accompanied by the discourse or jigs of clowns:

There were in those days no independent companies; actors were always attached to some princely household. Occasionally these companies acted in the provinces, or even abroad. In fact, English acting was very highly thought of on the Continent. Since actresses did not exist as yet, the female characters were taken by boys. Ladies of position, however, did not disdain to take part in the private theatricals, which, in the form of masques, were so extremely popular.

The popularity of Shakespeare's dramas may be seen from the fact that of the twenty-eight different plays produced by a certain well-known company, twenty are said to have been from the former's pen. Nor is this a special case. Shakespeare was a universal favorite. If we consider these last two statements we may conclude that the characteristics of acting in the Elizabethan period comprised boldness, gentleness, humor, pathos, audacity — in fact the whole curriculum of human emotions.



## War to a Finish

By JOHN T. KENNEY, '23

*Time*—10.30 P.M. Any Wednesday night. Following the exit of dinner guest.

*Scene*—Changing irregularly from dining room to kitchen in the home of a young

married couple. Air is charged and crackling with ill-concealed animosity.

*Wife*: "Jack, how could you be so inconsiderate? After all that I have said about

bringing people to meals in this house without telling me beforehand. Here you go, and in spite of me, you bring Mr. Stufson to dine when you know I didn't have a thing to eat in the house. Your common-sense would have told you that you shouldn't have brought him tonight of all nights. Why! I even had to tell you to buy a loaf of bread on your way home as the stores are closed Wednesday afternoons. And you forgot the bread! I sometimes wonder if all husbands are like you. Never a passing thought do you give me; it is all self? What pleasure did I get out of this evening? Nothing whatsoever, only a greater amount of drudgery and worry. At first, life with you was love's sweet dream, and the day was but a round of pleasures with the view of greater joy on the morrow. Not so now. Oh! What a contrast! With the way events have been shaping themselves I shrink in terror at the thought of what is to become of me a few years from now. Everything seems like a horrible nightmare. Every fibre of my being rebels so much so that I find myself at last obliged—"

*Husband:* "Clara! Stop for my sake. Don't say anything that will pain me. You might be sorry."

*Wife:* "No, I won't either, I am—"

*Husband:* "Clara if you don't keep quiet I will spank you good and hard."

*Wife:* "Why Jack!"

*Husband:* "Yes I would. You make me so angry I could do anything. You fly up in a tantrum because I invite an old friend to have a bite to eat. It is too bad a man can't invite his friends into his own house."

*Wife:* "You notice I never have anyone of my friends come here?"

*Husband:* "Yes, and why not? For the simple reason you haven't any and if you had you would be too lazy to entertain them. You are getting to be a typical old hermit; just because you are married doesn't mean you have to stay in the house all the time and never meet people. How do you expect to get up in the world and have social position unless you meet people and learn their point

of view on the general topics of the day?"

*Wife:* "I say social position. If you only woke up and earned a decent living wage I could cast this suit of clothes that I have been wearing for the last two seasons into the rag bag. Then I could venture out and attain your so-called social standing."

*Husband:* "No, no. You do not understand me."

*Wife:* "I do."

*Husband:* "Clara. I'll have no more of this nonsense. I have been too good to you, and that is the thanks I get. Here I provide you a good home in a healthy locality, and, in short, do everything in my power to make you happy and you reward my kindness in this manner."

*Wife:* "You know full well that it was not through my asking that I am living in this house. Don't you remember? Is your memory so hazy that you cannot call to mind that evening barely a year ago when you on bended knee begged me to be your wife, promised me anything I might wish for. Nothing was too good for me then. And now just because I ask to be told when you are going to invite people to our house you quarrel with me. The first real quarrel of our married life. I'm not going to stand for it. You are a brute to treat me like this. (heartrending sobs) I'm g—g—going straight home to m—m—mother and tonight, too."

*Husband:* "Tush, tush, Clara dear, you mustn't carry on so. Indeed, I always knew you were a mere child but I never thought you were a baby. Will you forgive me, darling, I'm real sorry. And listen. I promise with my hand on my heart and while crossing my throat, never to bring anyone to meals in this house or any house which we may occupy in the future without first notifying you, my own dear Clara. Come to my arms. Do you forgive me, my little honeybunch?"

*Wife:* "Yes, Jackie dear, and I'm sorry too, for having caused such a rumpus but there was no other way. You paid no attention otherwise. Kiss me, dear."



# Class Notes

## The Freshman Dance

The first social event of the season was held on Friday, December 8th, in the High School Hall. This was a dance given by the Freshman Class.

The hall was attractively decorated in crimson and gold, the class colors.

The music was furnished by Daly's orchestra. Refreshments were served.

The dance was very well attended and it was evident that everyone enjoyed himself. If upper classes will do as well as the Freshmen did, our social activities will certainly be tremendous successes.



## The Chronicle Contest

This year *The Chronicle* opened a contest to the Senior Class.

The question, "With due consideration to its present financial condition, what is the best and most practical improvement not now under consideration, that the town of Needham can make?" was presented to each member of the class.

*The Chronicle* offered two prizes — one \$10 in gold, and one \$5.00 — to the members of the Senior Class who should present the best answers.

Twenty-six replies were received, and these were submitted to the three judges, *Town Clerk*, Thomas Sutton; *Town Treasurer*, Charles E. Stanwood, and Samuel H. Wragg, *President of the Board of Trade*.

The judges awarded the first prize to Stuart Bugbee, who wrote an essay entitled, "Civic Pride," and the second to John Kenney, whose essay was entitled, "A Hospital for Needham."

## Senior

The first meeting of the Senior Class was held in September, 1922. The object of this meeting was to elect class officers. The following were chosen: *President*, David Gourd; *Vice-President*, Grace Osborne; *Treasurer*, Ernest Keith; *Secretary*, Elinor Jackson.

In November, our second meeting was held. As one of our classmates, Mary MacDonald, had been seriously injured, it was decided to send some flowers to her. A committee of two were chosen to take care of this matter: namely, Dorathea Ashton and Elinor Jackson.

The third meeting of the Senior Class was held on December sixth. The following committee was chosen to select the Class Play: Chairman, John Kenny; Winifred Whetton; Frances Kroll; Grace Osborne; Barrett Getchell.

The Senior Class is very well represented on the football team by Jerome Ryan, Arthur Mullen, John O'Connor, Homer Elliot, and Nathaniel Rand.

Respectfully submitted,  
ELINOR JACKSON, *Secretary*.



## Junior

The Junior Class commenced its third year with an entirely new group of class officers. The class elected for its *President*, William Gourd; for *Vice-President*, Dorothea Willgoose; for *Treasurer*, Reginald Gulliver; and for *Secretary*, Madeline Kroll.

The Student Council appointed Ralph Studley and Dorothea Willgoose as Junior Cheer Leaders.

The Class takes this opportunity to thank those members who have so ably represented it in foot-ball, and to extend a cordial greeting to its new members.

Respectfully submitted,  
MADELINE KROLL, *Secretary*.

### Sophomore

Because of the condition of the arrangement of the classes, there has been no formal meeting of the Sophomore class as yet. However on September 22, the class met for a few minutes to elect a nominating committee of six who would in turn choose two persons for each class office. This committee was elected and a few days later gave the names for the election. This resulted in the election of the following: *President*, Samuel Ladd; *Vice-President*, Eleanor Ryan; *Treasurer*, George Burgess and *Secretary*, William Count.

On October 13th, the class again met when they voted to have a class ring and chose a ring committee. This committee brought before the class several samples and one was selected. At present we are awaiting the arrival of the rings.

Our class is well represented on the football squad. The players are Gaughan, Gross, Newcomb, Whetton, Matthes, Dame and Mitchell.

Respectfully submitted,  
WM. CAUNT, *Sec.*

### Freshman

*President*: Alvah Walton.

*Vice-President*: Nelson Eldridge.

*Treasurer*: Donald Mitchell.

*Secretary*: Esther Sutton.

The first meeting of the Freshman Class was held September 28, when the officers were elected. At another class meeting it was voted to have a Freshman Dance on December 8. The following committee was elected to arrange for it. Miss Wolff, Miss Tinker, Hewitt, Nelson, and Preble. At a class meeting on November 9, a committee composed of Miss Nansen, Eldridge, Harkins, Whelan and Southworth was chosen to select suitable colors. On November 16, the class decided upon crimson and gold for class colors. At the same meeting it was voted to have ten cents a month as class dues.

The Freshman Class was represented on the football team by Joseph Whelan. Lars Nelson was formerly a member of the team, but was hurt in the Needham-Norwood game.

Respectfully submitted,  
ESTHER SUTTON, *Secretary*.



## Destruction of Needham High

(PARODY FROM "DESTRUCTION OF SENNACKERIB")

By ARTHUR MULLEN, '23

#### I

The coach came down like a rock from the sky,  
And the white and blue were ready to die;  
And the dirt on their faces was like coal in the hod  
When the brown dust rolls neatly from Greene's sod.

#### II

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown  
That host to the dear old Needham High had strown.

#### III

For the Coach of Sport put his arms on the sub  
And looked in the face of the boys as they blubbed  
And the eyes of the team to the shower and sub  
And their aim but once to give them a dub.

#### IV

And there stood the lockers with the doors all wide  
With all the clothes of the athlete to be its pride  
And the ball of sport was lying so very near  
Only to be kicked and to hit somebody on the ear.

#### V

And there lay the coach distorted and pale  
With the sweat on his brow and the dirt in his nail  
And the team was silent, the coach alone  
With shoes uplifted, the damage be known.

#### VI

And the windows of Needham High are empty in the  
wall  
And the lockers are broke in from a big football.  
And the school of Needham, smote by the squad  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.



# Alumni

## CLASS OF 1922

Dorothy Barton.....Gamewell Co.  
 Winnifred Butler ..Miss Perry's Kindergarten School  
 Jennie Carter ....New England Conservatory of Music  
 Charles Cohoon .....Hodgdon Portable House Co.  
 Mary Donald .....Saco-Lowell Office  
 Russell Emery .....Mass. Agricultural College  
 Roscoe Fairbanks .....Boston University  
 Barbara Fish .....Emerson College  
 Grace Godfrey .....John Hancock Life Ins. Co.  
 Mabel Hall .....Thomas Sutton  
 Arthur Harkins .....Electric Illuminating Co.  
 May Harkins .....John Hancock Life Ins. Co.  
 Virginia Heald .....New Hampshire State College  
 Harriet Howe .....Wheaton College  
 Eleanor Jones.....Mt. Holyoke College  
 Mary Kenney .....John Hancock Life Ins. Co.  
 Clifford Kilmer .....Boston University  
 Charles Nickerson .....Norwich University  
 Mary O'Neil..... Higginson Commercial School  
 Dorothy Pond .....Connecticut State College  
 Lincoln Rockwell .....With Mr. Holt  
 Fannie Rosenblat .....At home  
 Dorothy Satterlee .....Simmons College  
 Harriet Sewall.....Babson's Institute  
 Eben F. Smith.....Norwich University  
 Merrill Tenney .....Nyack Missionary Institute  
 Carl Wallis .....Northeastern College  
 Ruth Young .....Simmons College

## CLASS OF 1921

Wayne C. Barnes .....Springfield College  
 William L. Cassidy .....Howard Crossman's Co.  
 Angus G. Cathie .....Boston University  
 Lawrence G. Caulton .....Bryant & Stratton  
 Mabel Dawson .....William Carter Co.  
 Gertrude H. Digney .....John Hancock Ins. Co.  
 Herbert L. Dodge .....Tufts College  
 Chester W. Eaton .....Norwich University  
 George H. Ferran .....Boston University  
 Walter E. Gilbert .....Boston University  
 Sterling W. Greene .....Boston University  
 Doris M. Henry.....William Carter Co.  
 Dorothy Howe .....Massachusetts Normal Art  
 Thomas J. Khoury .....Hebron College

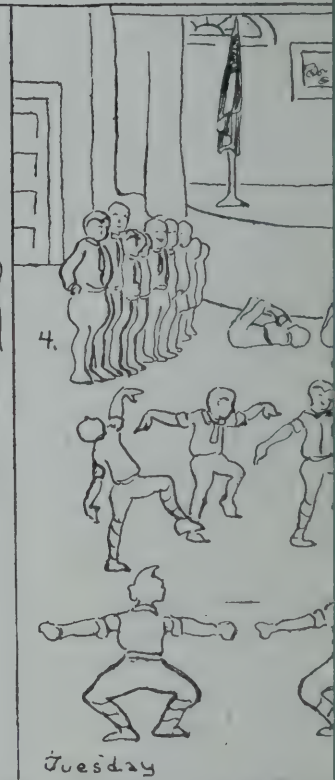
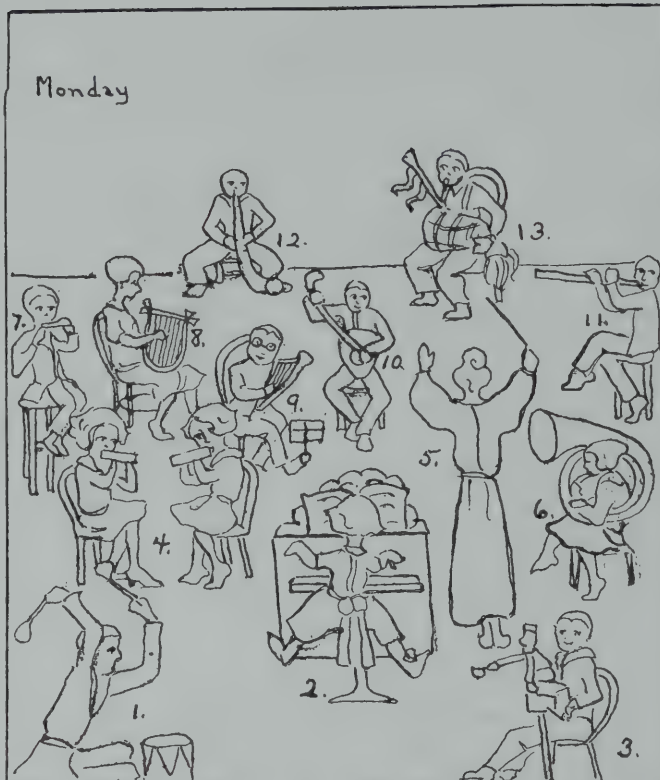
Judith A. Lee .....William Carter Co.  
 Milton R. Litchfield .....Q. P. Signal Co.  
 George Lumsden .....William Carter Co.  
 Dorothy C. Mercer .....Miss Wheelock's  
 Lillian A. Metzger .....State Street Broker's Office  
 Louise Morton.....Babson's Institute  
 David Murdock, Jr. ....At home  
 Mildred E. Robb .....William Carter Co.  
 Charles B. Roberts .....Oliver Ditson  
 Walter T. Roper .....Robsmith Knitting Co.  
 Philip Rosenblat .....Mass. College of Pharmacy  
 Maurice Simon .....Norwich University  
 William G. Stephenson.....Northeastern College  
 Dorothy E. Vernon .....Babson's Institute  
 Amelia S. Wagner .....Grofes office  
 Elizabeth T. Williams .....Smith College

## CLASS OF 1920

Edward Bailey .....Dartmouth College  
 Frances Bailey .....Simmons College  
 Doris Bliss .....Northwestern Life Ins. Co.  
 Dorothy E. Bucknam .....Needham Trust Co  
 Dorothy P. Butler .....Needham Trust Co.  
 Russell E. Cahill .....Evan's Knitting Mills  
 John Cronin .....New Hampshire State College  
 Edmund Fitzgerald .....Boston University  
 Mary T. Foley .....MacGregor Instrument Co.  
 Albert Hammersley.....New Hampshire State College  
 Parker L. Jackson .....Dartmouth College  
 Orlo McCormack.....Supt. Schools Office in Wellesley  
 Myrtle McLean .....Oxboro, Maine  
 Alta McLean .....Oxboro, Maine  
 Grace Murdock .....John Hancock Ins. Co.  
 J. Lawrence Norris .....Dartmouth College  
 Charles A. Orne .....William Gorse Co.  
 Angela Overton .....Needham Trust Co.  
 Charles Perry .....William Carter Co.  
 Jane Rae .....Babson's Institute  
 Katharine Rand .....Wellesley College  
 Eleanor Roberts .....At home  
 Kenneth Salman .....Mass. Agricultural College  
 Mildred Smith .....At home  
 Olive Sutton .....Boston Cooking School Magazine  
 George Twigg.....Boston University  
 Herbert Yerxa .....Andover

## Monday — THE ORCHESTRA Giving a spirited Rendition "In (S) pain."

1. Little Studley beating the tom-tom.
2. C. Capes playing the melodeon.
3. De Frazio grinding the hurdy-gurdy.
4. The Famous Faust Sisters playing the side combs.
5. Miss Bartlett shaking a wicked baton.
6. Goosie doing her worst on the French horn.
7. Wraymond Rag playing the jew's harp.
8. D. Prunes playing the lyre.
9. Little Reggie has come into his own.
10. Jerry Bond, Junior, tickling the lute.
11. Oswald Whitmore playing the hobo.
12. Georgius Hansis tubam flat.
13. Davis blowing the wind pipes.



## Tuesday—Boy Scout Meeting

1. Setting down exercises.
2. Scoutmaster Beefie and a group of understudies getting thin to music.
- 3, 4, 5, 57 Varieties displaying their charms for the delectation of 6. Lord Dunn Noble.

## Wednesday — Parent-Teacher Assassination Meeting

1. Mrs. Shunn who has come to complain to Miss Dimples that she isn't treating Bennie Dick Shunn right.
2. Smicksey waiting for the refreshments.
3. H. Williams, inspired by her surroundings, composing a symphony.
4. The worried man who knows he left the draft open and is wishing his wife would come.
5. Miss Dinah Mite, Mrs. Vinnie Gar, and Mrs. Meg A. Phone who are doing the assassinating.
6. In the reception line—Mrs. Dan Sing condescending to Mr. Al To of the male quartet.
7. Chief MacKenzie, who has furnished the entertainment of the evening, slowly recovering from his outburst of melody.
8. Senator Sorghum who recently charmed the Bored of Trade with his electrifying lecture on "Cows and Butter."
9. Mr. Currant, who bears his blushing honors thick upon him, quite overcome with bashfulness.
10. Miss Ann Tique from the Ladies' Circle of Industry.
11. Camp's papa who came to blow up the teacher but has changed his mind.





# ASSEMBLY HALL



Wednesday



Saturday

## Thursday—Assembly

1. Mr. Campbell is pleading with the school at large to sell a few more tickets for the circus to be held in Bill Price's barn and thus make the world safe for democracy.
2. This youth, inspired by the speech, is filled with admiration for his Alma Mater.
3. Evelyn is demonstrating perpetual motion.
4. Happy has just requested Bob to "get off dem swingin' doors."
5. Les femmes savantes: "Why, we didn't get home until half past one—" "Oh, yes, my new green velvet—" "Guess who called up last night!" "And Monty, well, he said—"
6. This young gentleman looks very industrious but he's merely taking notes on the sermon.
7. Miss Piercey on the watch for prospective victims.
8. Newt is very uncomfortable and is going to complain to the school censor about these backless chairs.
9. Miss Steward and Miss Tarbell making somebody's ears burn.
10. Bust in honor of Samuel Jacobs, prominent local shoe manufacturer; a gift from him to the class of 1879.

Friday—Mike scrubs the floor every Friday the thirteenth

## Saturday—The Freshman Dance

1. Hazel and K. Wood tripping the light fantastic.
2. Miss Creepy beginning on her sixth dish of ice cream. The rest of the company is wondering if there will be any left by intermission.
3. What would a dance be without Edna?
4. Birney Linn Tinkering again.
5. The Smith Sisters, Mark and Trade.
6. Bugs and Ladybugs.
7. Eaton seems to have lost something, his nerve, perhaps.
8. D. Mathey dancing a stately minuet.
9. Stealthy Steves.
10. Jinny Blacking and one of the many.
11. Bessie pedalling on high.
12. Two little freshmen maintaining the class dignity, or don't they know how to dance?
13. The long-suffering patronesses: Mrs. Ole O. Margarine, Mrs. Paul Bearer, Mrs. Artie Ficial, and Mrs. Jim Nasium.
14. Wilson, Sawyer & Co., wallnuts

## Sports

## Football

## NEEDHAM 26 WAYLAND 0

Mitchell, Nelson	L.E.	Keats
Holt, Rand, Valalie	L.T.	Metcalf
Elliott, Wragg, } Gulliver	L. G.	Lyford
Linn	C.	Hammond
Whelan, Succoivitch, } Gaughan	R.G.	{ Depper, Hynes
F. Newcomb, Wilson	R.T.	Clark
Gross, Mullen	R.E.	Dravellette
C. Newcomb, Matthes	Q.B.	Dolan
Ryan, Keith	L.H.B.	Ide, Gifford
Westin	F.B.	McSweeney
Whetton, Mathey	R.H.B.	Miller

Needham opened the football season on Saturday, September 30 by playing Wayland. Linn and "Bobo" Westin played the whole game. Coach Webb gave everyone a chance to play at some time during the game. At no time was Needham in danger of being scored upon.

## NEEDHAM 7 LEXINGTON 0

Mitchell, Rand	L.E.	Mulligan
Holt	L.T.	Gaffney
Elliott	L.G.	Spidall
Linn	C.	McIntosh
Whelan, F. Newcomb	R.G.	Brown
O'Connor, Wragg, } Litchfield	R.T.	Gharritty
Mullen, Gross, } Johnson	R.E.	Bramhall
C. Newcomb	Q.B.	Casey
Ryan	L.H.B.	Lothrop
Keith, Mathey	R.H.B.	Moakley
Westin	F.B.	Fitzgerald

Needham played Lexington at its Athletic field on Saturday, October 7, at 2.30. Through three periods both teams attempted goals only to lose the ball. Gross saved the game by intercepting a forward pass on his sixty-yard line, and running for a touchdown.

Captain Ryan and O'Connor starred for Needham.

## DEDHAM 18 NEEDHAM 0

Walton	L.E.	{ Mitchell, Nelson
Dertz, Dowd	L.T.	Holt
Binghouse, Grant	L.G.	{ M. Johnson, Whelan
Collins	C.	Linn

Brown	R.G.	{ Litchfield, F. Newcomb
Low	R.T.	O'Connor
Wetherbee	R.E.	{ Keith, Mullen
Burah	Q.B.	C. Newcomb
Collins	L.H.B.	Ryan
Mills	R.H.B.	Gross
B. Smith	F.B.	Westin

We played Dedham on Columbus Day and the first defeat of the year was inflicted at this time. It seems as if this was Needham's off day.

## NORWOOD 33 NEEDHAM 0

Dower, Wilson	R.E.	{ Nelson, Mullen, Gaughan
Potter, McDonough } Hurst	R.T.	Linn
Karshis, Hanford	R.G.	Whelan
Thomas	C.	Holt
Nee, Doyle	L.G.	{ Wilson, Newcomb, Litchfield
Curran, Anderson	L.T.	O'Connor
Allen	L.E.	Mitchell
Hammersley, Ellis	Q.B.	Ryan
Small, Flaherty	R.H.B.	C. Newcomb
Howard, Layton	L.H.B.	{ Gross, Matthes
Foren, Samore	F.B.	Westin

Our next defeat was met at Norwood on Saturday, October 21. Needham played a hard game, but being outweighed, lost after a hard battle. In the first half Needham outplayed Norwood but to no avail.

Westin, Ryan and Mitchell starred.

## WALTHAM 27 NEEDHAM 0

Bruin	L.E.	{ Mitchell, Gross
Bullock	L.T.	O'Connor
Wellman	L.G.	{ Rand, Whelan
Bell	C.	Holt
Tracy	R.G.	Gaughan
Snelling	R.T.	Linn, Wragg
Reed	R.E.	Mullen
Gile, Lowery	Q.B.	Ryan
Ferrick	F.B.	{ Rand, Westin



Bruin L.H.B. Newcomb  
Ward R.H.B. M. Johnson

We next journeyed to Waltham, October 28, to suffer another defeat. Needham outplayed Waltham in the first half. M. Johnson and Rand played their first game in the backfield. Linn at tackle and Mitchell at end played a good game until both were exhausted. Ryan prevented Waltham from gaining more by blocking forward passes.

## NEEDHAM 19 NATICK 19

Amorosa	R.E.	{ Mullen,
Pulsiver	R.T.	{ Rand
Murphy	R.G.	{ O'Connor
Lovejoy	C.	{ Gaughan
		{ Holt
Mattson	L.G.	{ Whelan,
		{ Elliott
Thompson	L.T.	{ Wilson,
Dumas	L.E.	{ Willgoose
Butters	Q.B.	{ Mitchell
Gibbons	L.H.B.	{ Ryan
		{ P. Johnson
Grady	R.H.B.	{ Newcomb,
		{ Whetton
Hardigan	F.B.	{ Westin

November fourth, we travelled from Waltham to Natick to be confronted with a tie. Needham, early in the game, started for a victory. Put Johnson caught a forward in the first few minutes of play, for a touchdown. Another one was made by Westin after O'Connor recovered a fumble on the three-yard line. Then Natick walked through the Needham line twice for touchdowns. The half ended with the score 13 to 13. During the third period the ball was in the middle of the field. Needham, in the middle of the fourth period, scored again when a fumble was recovered by Rand and Mitchell. On the last kick-off, Grady, Natick's star half-back ran eighty yards through the whole Needham team to tie the score. The game ended.

## NEEDHAM 44 HUDSON 0

Mullen, Rand	R.E.	McManus
Gaughan, Litchfield	R.T.	Murray
Willgoose		
O'Connor	R.G.	Walsch
Holt	C.	{ Kidston,
		{ Darling
Elliott, Whelan	L.G.	Shea
Wilson, Wragg	L.T.	Vaslet
Mitchell, M. Johnson	L.E.	McCarty

Ryan, Matthes	Q.B.	Lovett
Whetton	L.H.B.	La France
P. Johnson }		
Newcomb }	R.H.B.	Pancker
Westin, Gross	F.B.	

After a period of four weeks away, Needham played Hudson on Green's Field, on Saturday, November 11. Hudson was on defence practically all the game. Coach Webb put in the second team at the beginning of the second half. The whole team played hard football.

## NEEDHAM 32 MARLBORO 0

Mitchell	L.E.	Brown
Wilson, Wragg	L.T.	Sowerly
Elliott, Litchfield, }	L.G.	O'Connell
F. Newcomb }		
Holt	C.	Lynch
Gaughan, Dame	R.G.	Molineau
Gulliver, M. Johnson, O'Connor Willgoose, Whelan }	R.T.	Preston
Mullen, Rand	R.E.	Dicky
Mathes	Q.B.	Kenny
Johnson, Keith	R.H.B.	{ Chamberlain
		{ Kelley
Whetton, Keith	L.H.B.	Bius
Westin	F.B.	Lowell

We played Marlboro on Saturday, November 18, at Green's Field. This was another easy game, "tuning us up" for the big game at Milford. Matthes played a star game at quarterback as Ryan was in Natick, scouting Milford. In this game Westin was a second Charley Brickley, for he kicked two field goals.

## NEEDHAM 13 MILFORD 0

Mullen	R.E.	Markovitch
O'Connor	R.T.	Mainini
Gaughan	R.G.	McCrae
Holt	C.	Torosian
Elliott	L.G.	Julian
Wragg, Linn, Wilson	L.T.	Movelli
Mitchell	L.E.	Tuttle
Ryan	Q.B.	Griffin
Whetton	R.H.B.	Tighe
Johnson	L.H.B.	Brondy
Westin	F.B.	Steeves

It was an eventful day for us when we journeyed to Milford for the decisive game. But the game was stopped in the third period by the unruly mob. Needham was leading 13 to 0. The whole team played good, hard, clean football. O'Connor, Westin, Ryan, Mitchell, and Johnson starred.

(Continued on page 38)

## Athletics

WEARERS OF THE

## N

## FOOTBALL

1923

N. Rand  
 J. O'Connor  
 H. Elliott  
 P. Linn  
 E. Keith  
 A. Mullen

1924

J. Ryan, *Captain*  
 A. Westin  
 P. Johnson  
 C. Newcomb  
 J. Mitchell  
 J. Wilson  
 R. Wragg  
 A. Holt

1925

J. Whetton  
 W. Gaughan

1926

J. Whelan

## BASEBALL

1923

A. Mullen, *Manager*

1924

A. Westin  
 C. Newcomb  
 J. Mitchell  
 M. Johnson  
 G. Birtch  
 C. Jones

1925

J. Whetton  
 W. Matthes  
 J. Wagner  
 A. Gross

*Cheer Leaders*

A. Engstrom  
 D. Willgoose  
 J. Kenney  
 R. Studley





FOOTBALL SQUAD

*Back Row:* Pond, *Assistant Manager*; H. Elliott, W. Gaughan, M. Johnson, A. Mullen, C. Newcomb, Ladd, *Assistant Manager*.  
*Second Row:* R. Gulliver, R. Dane, Gross, R. Willgoose, R. Wragg, C. Litchfield, A. Holt, F. Newcomb, J. Mitchell, Westin.  
*Front Row:* Owen Webb, *Coach*; J. Whetton, J. Whelan, E. Keith, W. Matthes, J. Ryan, *Captain*; P. Johnson, B. Linn, N. Rand, *Manager*; J. O'Connor.

## Football

(Continued from page 35)

### NEEDHAM 0 WELLESLEY 0

Rand, Mullen, }	R.E.	Lynch
C. Newcomb }		
O'Connor	R.T.	Curr
Gaughan	R.G.	Cartwright
Holt	C.	Cornell
Elliott	L.G.	Harper
Linn, Wragg, Wilson	L.T.	Flamen
Mitchell	L.E.	Currie
Ryan	Q.B.	McKenney
Johnson	R.H.B.	McCurin
Whetton	L.H.B.	K. Smith
Westin	F.B.	H. Smith

On Thanksgiving Day we played Wellesley on a very muddy field, a situation that was to the latter's advantage. Both teams lost chances to win on account of the poor footing. The team could not show its best playing. This ended the season.



The outcome of the Milford game was the cause of considerable excitement and for some time the decision was undecided as to whether we were to be credited with a victory or not. The impossibility of continuing the game because of the mob was evident. Since the outcome of the game was to determine the championship of the Midland League, the feeling was high. The decision of the referee of "no game" led Mr. Campbell to write the League secretary to claim the pennant on the grounds of our victories over Marlboro and Hudson, our tie with Natick and the score 13-0 with Milford when play ended. At a meeting of the League on December 8, no decision was made and further action was postponed until the next week. On Friday, December 15, after more evidence was heard, a vote was cast that gave the pennant to Needham.



The school and the townspeople in general wish to thank Coach Owen Webb for his untiring efforts in producing a winning team. Although we received three reverses during the season, two of which were against

champion teams of the state, Norwood and Waltham respectively, we did not feel discouraged but went ahead and made excellent showing in the rest of the games. We also wish to thank Dr. Fanning and Sam Schuker for their help in giving aid to the injured players. At this time we thank the gentlemen who sold tickets for the games, as well as citizens who so kindly offered their services in the matter of field equipment.

Incidentally we wish to thank our Faculty Manager, Mr. Frost, and also Mr. Whetton for their ceaseless efforts in our behalf. Coach Ryan and Coach Sutherland from Lexington and Dedham, respectively, deserve our appreciation for their assistance at a critical period in our season.

Our chances for a champion team next year look very bright, as the entire backfield is intact. We lose Mullen, Rand, O'Connor, Linn and Elliott from the line due to graduation. Although there is a big gap to be filled in the line at the end, the tackle, and the guard positions, there is plenty of substitute material which can fill the losses.

Seventeen letters were awarded this season. Thirteen recipients received sweaters, the money for which was derived from a special movie performance which was given on December 22, under the personal direction of Miss Bernice Caswell.



## Twilight

By ARCHIE W. FRISWELL, '24

The hour between sunset and dark,  
When earth is shadowed and drear;  
When the homelights are like a spark,  
Gleaming with friendly cheer.

Twilight and mystic shadows,  
All is not dark and drear;  
For God who watches knows  
There is no need for fear.



Favorite phrase of the faculty in general  
"Hold on there! Hold on!"



# Exchanges

## We Acknowledge with Thanks

*The Advance*, Salem, Mass.  
*The Arguenot*, Norwood, Mass.  
*The Argus*, Worcester, Mass.  
*The Artisan*, Boston, Mass.  
*The Blake Torch*, Minneapolis, Minn.  
*The Brewster*, Wolfeboro, N. H.  
*The Bulletin*, Watertown, Mass.  
*Drury Academe*, North Adams, Mass.  
*The Echo*, Winthrop, Mass.  
*The Goal*, Gnadenhutten, Ohio.  
*The Item*, Dorchester, Mass.  
*The Morristonian*, Morristown, N. J.  
*The Newtonite*, Newton, Mass.  
*The News*, Dubuque, Iowa.  
*The Nobleman*, Dedham, Mass.  
*The Radiator*, Somerville, Mass.  
*The Red and Black*, Newport, R. I.  
*The Red and White*, Sanford, Me.  
*The Rensselaer Polytechnic*, Troy, N. Y.  
*The Review*, Newton, Mass.  
*The Roman*, Rome, Georgia.  
*The Sagamore*, Brookline, Mass.  
*The Sassamon*, Natick, Mass.  
*The Shucis*, Schenectady, N. Y.  
*The Times*, Gnadenhutten, Ohio.  
*The Voice*, Concord, Mass.  
*The Westport Crier*, Kansas City, Mo.



## Our Opinion

*The Morristonian*, Morristown School, Morristown, N. J.

Your initial number of the season is an exceedingly neat magazine. There should be some of the eighty boys enrolled in your school who are capable of creating a few drawings to serve as department headings.

*The Item*, Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

We greatly enjoyed your "Senior Number." Not only was the cover design extremely artistic but the illustrations were excellent, giving the reader a clear idea of the activities of your students.

*The Goal*, Gnadenhutten-Clay High School, Gnadenhutten, Ohio.

A fine, well-balanced magazine. Everything it contains merits commendation.

*Drury Academe*, Drury High School, North Adams, Mass.

You have a compact little magazine that does your school credit. The column headings are very skillfully drawn and the jokes are simply great.

*The Blake Torch*, Blake School, Minneapolis, Minn.

Constantly improving. Commencement speeches were of a high quality. Humor was the only lacking feature of your latest issue.

*The Pattersonian*, Mt. Joy High School, Mt. Joy, Penn.

*The Pattersonian* contains a number of superior stories, and the class notes are in sufficient detail, but the athletic column requires development.

*The Red and White*, Sanford High School, Sanford, Me.

We have always been highly pleased upon receiving your magazine. Your Graduation number only further bore out the fact that your paper is in the hands of competent editors.

*The Radiator*, Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.

The departments of your magazine are well organized and the headings are well drawn. All in all it is a magazine which ranks with the best.

*The Advance*, Salem High School, Salem, Mass.

The cover design is appropriate to say the least and your literary section is extensive in its scope but you have almost entirely neglected your athletic column.

*The Arguenot*, Norwood High School, Norwood, Mass.

To relieve the somewhat severe simplicity of the arrangement of the departments, the employment of a few embellishments in the nature of drawings or cartoons, would be found to add considerably to the beauty of this already splendid magazine.

*The Sassamon*, Natick High School, Natick, Mass.

The prize-winning story was exceptionally good. We think it would be better to condense the Athletic column, printing more stories and jokes instead.

*The Brewster*, Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

Your magazine would be ideal if the absence of jokes were not so evident. It is remarkable that you are able to edit so perfect a magazine without the aid of advertisements.

*The Times*, Gnadenhutten High School, Gnadenhutten, Ohio.

The "Editorialettes", were superb. In nearly every respect *The Times* is a credit to your school.

*The News*, Dubuque High School, Dubuque, Iowa.

We hope you will continue to exchange with us, as your paper is one of the best we receive. It resembles, although in miniature, the up-to-date daily newspaper of this age.

*The Newtonite*, Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

Congratulations. You have made a good beginning. Your paper is a perfect model which any high school could well envy. You have our good wishes for the success of this venture.

*The Sagamore*, Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

As always; you rise to meet our most

presumptuous expectations. *The Sagamore*, if possible, is better than ever before.

*The Argus*, Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.

In your magazine, as well as in many others which we have perused, it is disappointing to find no pictures or drawings of any nature. Otherwise, your magazine is quite acceptable.

*Rensselaer Polytechnic*, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

An amazingly large paper for a weekly. "Recent Developments in High Voltage Engineering" was a highly instructive article.

*The Echo*, Winthrop High School, Winthrop, Mass.

Contains news that interests everybody and anybody. Reportorial work is especially well done.

*The Shucis*, Schenectady High School, Schenectady, N. Y.

A positive success. From every point of view this book is a marvel. No more need be said.

*The Gleaner*, Pawtucket High School, Pawtucket, R. I.

*The Gleaner* contains a quantity of tip-top editorials and also many uproariously funny jokes. "The Tatler" is a praiseworthy innovation.

*The Roman*, Rome High School, Rome, Georgia.

What a number of first-class jokes! Your magazine is easily one of our most welcome exchanges.

*The Artisan*, Mechanic Arts High School, Boston, Mass.

A high class magazine from every viewpoint. The cover design, cartoons and headings are of real professional nature.

(Continued on page 46)

# Laughs

## ENGLISH III A

Miss Caswell (reading a letter from M. C. Tenney). "What kind of a letter would you call that?"

Mr. Pond: "A long one!"

## PHYSICS III A

Miss Tarbell: "How do deep-sea divers generally go down into the water?"

C. Jones: "Feet first."

## PHYSICS III A

Miss Tarbell: "Well! If everyone is in here we might as well begin class."

C. Jones: "Gee! Let someone go out, then."

## PHYSICS III A

Miss Tarbell: "Now, Hill, there is only one reason that has kept me from sending you to the office."

Henry Hill: "That so?"

Miss Tarbell: "Yes, and its because of the fact that Mr. Campbell isn't there."

HA! HA! HA! HA!

## ENGLISH III A

Miss Caswell: "Gourd, correct this sentence: Exclusiveness is when a person likes to remain aloof."

Gourd: "Exclusiveness is when a person likes to remain aloft."

## ENGLISH III A

Miss Whiting correcting a sentence: "Neither of them is able to raise *his* eyes to my daughter."

Miss Caswell: "Why use '*his*' instead of *their*?"

Miss Whiting: "Why, because they both don't look at her at once." Some of us must have had experience.

## FRENCH III A

Miss Springfield translating: "Mon Dieu, mon dieu:—my goodness, my goodness."

Davis in stage whisper: "Gee, I thought she could translate French."

## PHYSICS III A

After class had been pondering over a particular density problem for thirty minutes:

Miss Tarbell: "Has anyone gotten an answer to the problem?"

No reply, except murmurings.

Miss Tarbell: "Well really, I don't think the problem can be done at all."

## PHYSICS III A

Davis, in discussing a problem: "I got a different answer, but it wasn't the same."

Miss Tarbell: "Well — er — naturally."



## The Point of View

By BASSFORD GETCHELL, '23

On their way through the forests they met a great animal. Its enormous head — in fact its whole body — seemed covered with a thick irregular hide peppered with large round gray spots which made the animal inconspicuous against the forest bed.

At first they were inclined to be afraid, but it made no motions and appeared half asleep. It had gigantic eyes which bulged from the sides of its head. Suddenly it came to life and with an ominous sound its awful jaw snapped and almost caught a fly that had been buzzing around. For the first time they noticed the ponderous front legs and the powerful haunches which curled up and seemed a part of the fat, round body. Then something frightened it, and with incredible leaps it hurled itself into the bushes. It was the first time these ants had seen a toad!



## Needham High School Blown Up

By EDMUND G. POND, '24

### MYSTERIOUS PROWLER SEEN BY WATCHMAN

According to H. E. Haw, the nightwatchman at Needham High School, a mysterious person was caught slipping out through the marble gateway about 12.30 this morning.

H. E. Haw ordered the suspect to halt, and when his order was disobeyed, he fired his revolver at the retreating figure. The prowler eluded the pursuits of the watchman, although blood was later found on the solid gold gate.

When Haw was on his way home, the High School blew up, and a mahogany door with an engraved platinum door-knob (and with silver hinges) struck him on the head and knocked him unconscious.

Pieces and other remains of the late High School have been found as far distant as Dover, where a leather upholstered chair with diamond castor was found.

In Dedham was found one of the clocks which are used in the classrooms. The face of the clock was made of ivory, with ebony figures. This clock also contained 125 jewels.

No clue has been found yet concerning the prowler, although the police have been watching a suspect.

For further details, read the next copy of the *Boston Globe*.

(Heard in Assembly)

Freshman: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Senior: "Shine 'em."

Heard from Ruth McCormack direction: "Oh! How fun—nie!" Yes we think so.

## Parody

(Taken from "In School Days")

There stands a school house on the hill,

'Tis built of stone and brick;

But when we comprehend its cost,

It almost makes us sick.

## About ben Adhem

(PARODY)

By JEROME F. RYAN, '24

About Mr. Einstien, may his pants be creased,

For one week only he has them leased.

Awoke one time from a troubled night's rest,

And searched quite frantically for his vest.

He found it at last on a chair by his side,

And he searched in the pocket for the crocodile hide.

Then up rose a goblin in front of his nose,

And pointing at the greenbacks said, "Man, what are those?"

"That's the money I managed to gather today,

Snooping in pockets for other one's pay."

"Tis not enough" said the goblin so droll,

"Your name's on the bottom of my Honor Roll."

And the next night when the goblin arrived,

Under the blankets Mr. Einstien dived,

"Come man," said the goblin, "how much have you lifted?"

"Two hundred," said Einstien, "and six rubes I've sifted."

"Aha," said the goblin, "shake hands with me,  
Your name at the head of my column shall be."



## List of Suggestions For a High School Site

1. Charles River Beach (Center of population near beach.)
2. Bird's Hill (Bird's-eye view of Nature's wonders.)
3. High Rock (Radio connection with all points.)
4. Needham Opera House (Latest instruction by "movies." *Out-of-town patrons kindly leave your address, etc., etc.*)
5. Travelling High School, via Needham Heights, including all points.
6. The Old Car Barn (A good gymnasium with a cinder track in close proximity.)
7. Needham Band Stand (Refreshments conducive to physical welfare of students.)
8. Rosemary Hollow ("Far from the madding crowd.")

(Vol. BVD.)

Jinooary hath 29 days

(1923.)



Little drops of henna,  
Grains of chalk and paint,  
Make the modern maiden  
Look like what she ain't.

D.	M.	Prospects, Hot Water, &c.	
1	W	Swearing off day.	
2	T	Vacation.	
3	F		
4	S		
5	E	Night of bath.	
6	M	3rd Sunday after 4th July.	
7	T	Wash Monday.	
8	W	<i>Lightning and some snow.</i>	
9	T	<i>Very cold.</i>	
10	F		
11	S		
12	E	Night of bath.	
13	M	<i>Rain but maybe fair with oc-</i>	
14	T	<i>casional earthquakes.</i>	
15	W		
16	T		
17	F		
18	S	Night of bath.	
19	E	About time to swear on again.	
20	M	<i>Jinooary thaw. — very much</i>	
21	T	<i>colder.</i>	
22	W		
23	T	<i>Full (Hic!) Moon.</i>	
24	F		
25	S	Night of bath.	
26	E		
27	M		
28	T		
29	W	<i>Last Quart.</i>	

### HICK'S CALENDAR

To avoid waste, smoke your cigar as far as possible, extinguish the light, and chew the butt until flavor is gone. Dry the remains and smoke them in your pipe, then sprinkle the ashes around your tobacco plants.

Save your second-hand tooth-picks, old tar shingles, ex-adhesive tape, etc., for future use. (for uses, see below.)

After one hundred pounds have been collected, cart them to the nearest dump.

## The Song of Jazz

By MARY JACOBY, '23

(With apologies to Bayard Taylor.)

"Give us a tune," the flappers cried,  
Their eager toes a tapping,  
When the tired brain of their teachers dear,  
Grew weary of their floundering.

The great piano in silence stood,  
Unbecoming to its character,  
And the ivory keys which were wood,  
No longer belched their thunder.

There was a pause, a teacher said,  
"We have a test tomorrow,  
Sing while you may, another day,  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They sang of life, and not of study,  
Forgot were all their lessons,  
Each voice recalled a different song,  
But all sang "Nellie Kelly."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion,  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,  
Their inner thoughts confessing.

And once again the bell did ring,  
Around this school-house quarters,  
With dismay in voice and face,  
They scattered to their classes.

And now in silence the piano mourns,  
For a singer, gay and noisy,  
And the ivory keys do weep for them,  
Who sang of "Nellie Kelly."



### PHYSICS III A

Miss Tarbell : "What's the answer, Hill?"

Hill: "Oh, it's a secret."

### FRENCH III A

Hansis: Translating:

"Il's enchançerent un regard."

They changed looks.

### LATIN III A

Miss Currie: "What is the meaning of armor?"

Tibbetts: "Love—or—a mental state."

Miss Currie: "A Mental State."

## Needham High School Correspondence Course in Geometry

(Plain and Thick)

First Lesson. Commit the following preliminary theorems to memory:

Theorem I. A triangle is a figure with at least two sides and maybe more.

Theorem II. A square is a triangle with one extra side.

Theorem III. A circle is a curved straight line with a hole in the center.

Theorem IV. A hyperbola is an exaggeration.

Theorem V. When equals are operated on for appendicitis, the appendix is removed. (See back of book.)

---

*Proposition I. Theorem: An angle is a bent line.*

Given: the angle BVD.

To prove: That it is a bent line.

Proof: If it were not bent it could not be an angle.

Q. E. D.

(Quite Easily Done.)

---

*Proposition II. Theorem: When two straight lines intersect they are parallel.*

Given: Two straight lines EZ and OG, intersecting at H.

To prove: EZ parallel to OG.

Proof: (?) (Left to the student.)

P. S. We can't do it!

Q. E. D.

---

*Proposition III. Theorem: Two triangles are congruent if they look alike.*

Given: the two triangles, IKE and MIKE.

To prove: That they are congruent.

Proof: IKE and MIKE, they look alike, hence they are congruent.

---

See our next course for Thick Geometry, only \$2.00 more.



### The Perfect N. H. S. Girl

She must have hair like Esther Rideout, a forehead like Ruth Cookson, eyes like Edna Hutchinson, eyelashes like Eleanor Hollis, a nose like Virginia Whiting, a mouth like Alice Kingsbury, teeth like "Mads" Kroll, a chin like Harriet Williams, ears like Catherine Groves (they're the only ones we've seen) a complexion like Elinor Jackson, a profile like Blanche Salt, a voice like "Ruthie" Nickerson, a laugh like Peggy Rhynd, a grin like "Edie" Beale, a walk like Dorothy Bruns, manners like Priscilla Packard, a disposition like Helen Kroog or Ruth Gordon, clothes like "Dottie" Ashton. She must be as graceful as Alice Osborne. She must be able to dance like Virginia Tinker. She must be able to sing like Clara Wilm. She must be able to do Latin like Ruth Smith. She must be a good bluffer like Ruth Richards. She must be a good sport like Elizabeth Curley. She must be generous like Frances Crawley. She must be artistic like Grace Osborne. In fact she must have all of our charms and not a few of our faults thrown in.



### Parody on the Charge of the Light Brigade

By BLANCHE SALT, '23

Half a yard, half a yard,  
Half a yard forward  
Amidst the cheers of all,  
Dashed the quarterback!  
Get him, the opponents cried  
As he neared the goal,  
Amidst the cheers of all,  
Dashed the quarterback.

Men to the right of him,  
Men to the left of him,  
Men behind him,  
Still dashed the quarterback,  
Helped by all his men,  
Bravely made his goal,  
Rolling up a mighty score  
Which they all implored,  
Dashed the quarterback.

### The Perfect N. H. S. Boy

He must have hair like Francis Eaton, a forehead like Joshua Robb, eyes like Henry Leonard, eyelashes like George Hansis, a nose like Chandler Litchfield, a mouth like Roswell Whitmore, teeth like "Dillie" Hill, ears like "Bill" Gourd, a chin like "Stew" Bugbee, a complexion like "Reggie" Gulliver, a profile like Barrett Getchell, a voice like "Dave" Gourd or Nat Rand, a laugh like "Abie" Gross, a grin like "Bill" Simmons, a walk like Edmund Pond, a disposition like "Benny" Phillips, clothes like Henry Anthony, Chesterfieldian manners like "Put" Johnson (when he's trying to get out of something.) He must be able to dance like Homer Elliot or George Davis. He must be able to do Latin as "Gillie" Toone used to. He must be able to play football like "Coxey" Wilson. He must be able to sing like "Bass" Getchell. He must be a good sport like "Bob" Willgoose. He must be a good bluffer like "Bud" Howe. He must be generous like Ralph Studley. After all he must be a real boy with just enough faults to make him interesting.



### Book Review, 1922

1. "Blab-it" — By the author of "Main Spring" a biography of a T. B. M., in the writer's usual assinine style.
2. "This Free-for-all" — S. Crutchinson. A wonderful portrayal of girls we haven't met. His spontaneity is amazing. Page the Onion!
3. "Old Crow" — By "My Alice Blue Gown." It sounds like a bootlegging story, but we don't know.
4. "Rough Hewn" — By Dorothy Can Feel. We haven't read it, but it sounds exciting.
5. "The Nightingale" — By Mr. Del And "A bit of a story of puppy love in N. H. S."

P. S. We haven't read any of them.

## The Christmas Spirit

By WILLIAM GOURD, '24

My shopping list is all made out,  
With useful gifts for all  
Except my Aunt Matilda  
And my stingy cousin, Paul.

They never send me any gifts,  
Not even Christmas Day,  
So I won't send them anything  
Because it doesn't pay.

A handkerchief for Auntie Kate,  
And one for Sister Sue,  
Another one for Grandmother,  
And one for Mother, too.

For Father, I've some gold cuff-links,  
For Brother Roy a tie,  
For Grandfather a pair of sox,  
A belt for Uncle Si.

I don't want many things myself,  
Perhaps a pony cart,  
And also an electric train  
That you can stop and start.

I've got to have a pair of skates,  
I need a brand new sled;  
I'd like to have some skiis, but Pa  
Says I would break my head.

I also want a bicycle  
With electric bell and light,  
So I could see my way about  
When I ride out at night.

That's all I want this Christmas time,  
So you see I don't want much,  
But Pa says I want lots of things  
That his purse couldn't touch.



## Exchanges

*Continued from page 40)*

*The Voice*, Concord High School, Concord  
Mass.

It would be more enlightening to the reader  
if your football reports of games were written  
with more regard for detail. The editorial  
"Armenia" was particularly well written.

*The Review*, Newton High School, Newton,  
Mass.

Surely those remarkable cartoons deserve  
to be placed in a part of the magazine where  
they can be more readily seen. We would  
further suggest that the advertisements be  
kept in a separate part of the magazine rather  
than mingled with the subject matter.

*The Nobleman*, Noble and Greenough  
School, Inc., Dedham, Mass.

Your magazine abounds with good stories  
"The Chateau" was a splendid poem.

*The Red and Black*, Rogers High School,  
Rhode Island.

We would suggest the use of a table of  
contents; less jokes and more stories in your  
magazine.

*The Westport Crier*, Westport High School,  
Kansas City, Mo.

This is certainly a progressive paper in  
every respect. The editorials and special  
articles were superb and deserve the highest  
commendation.



## As Others See Us

*The Radiator*, Somerville High School,  
Somerville, Mass.


A magazine to be proud of. Your stories  
are interesting and we liked the Book Review,  
"If Winter Comes."

*The Pattersonian*, Mount Joy High School,  
Mt. Joy, Pa.

Yours is a good magazine from beginning  
to end. Why not have an "Alumni" depart-  
ment?

Thus far returns and comments have not  
been very frequent. It is, however, rather  
early to expect many. Next Spring we  
hope to be able to publish a much more  
extended "As others See Us" Department.

## To Our Advertisers:

E are greatly indebted to our advertisers for their staunch support in making this Christmas issue of *The Advocate* a financial success.

BARRETT G. GETCHELL

*Business Manager.*



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Here is Underwear  
warm enough for the  
Coldest Weather  
and yet fashionable

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Cambridge, Mass.

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"Money is not at the bottom of everything,"  
sighed the taxpayer as he plunged his hands in  
his pockets.

Talk is cheap because the supply always  
exceeds the demand.  
Seven days of self indulgence makes one weak.



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*BEST COMPANIES*

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OUR AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE with  
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*Tourist:* "Are the mosquitoes bad around  
here?"

*Native:* "Well, I left my car standing outside  
all night once, and I had two flat tires in the  
morning."

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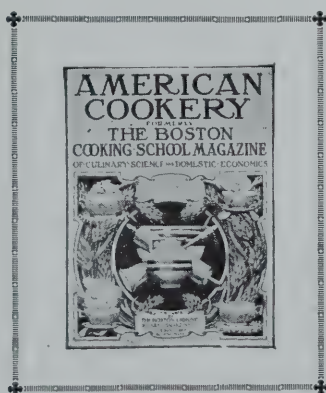
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"Not on your Life Buoy."  
"Then my Lux against me."

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"Give me your fountain pen to sharpen my  
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*Mr. Myatt:* "Who was in the car with you  
last night?"

*Charlie:* "Oh, some of the fellows."

*Mr. Myatt:* "Well, tell the fellows not to leave  
their hairpins around next time."

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THE  
KROLL  
COMPANY

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*First Senior:* "Why the black eye, old man?"

*Second Senior:* "I told a man he had a funny looking fist."

*First Senior:* "Well?"

*Second Senior:* "He poked fun at me."

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"Oh, not so good. I felt my sox slipping  
over my shoe and when I stooped over to fix  
it my cuffs fell off and my collar slipped over  
my head."

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## Signs

He is going to get married if he:

Starts smoking a pipe.

Gets to work earlier and stays later.

Buries nose in "Apartments Furnished" column.

Looks at price tags on women's hats.

Ceases to enjoy a burlesque show.

(Tells her that.)

Gives girl's mother matinee tickets.

Tells girl she must get to bed earlier for her health.

Figures on the back of an envelope.

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There was a thin maiden called Rena,  
Who worked with a vacuum cleaner;  
But she got in the way  
Of the suction one day,  
Since which date no one has seen her.

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COMPLIMENTS OF

D. M. WOOD

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It is too bad that it did not contain a pearl—say, a small one about the size of a watermelon!

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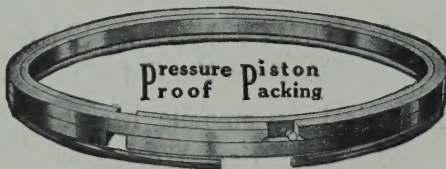
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